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Beauty and the Beast

Ancient Myths Interpreted by Edmund Dulac

THE CENTAURS AND THE LAPITHAE WOMEN—

MANY violent struggles of Greek mythology were fitly located in rugged Thessaly in the dawn of history when gods and men often mingled. There was a king of the Lapithae named Ixion who took advantage of Zeus' hospitality and made love to the goddess Hera, who cleverly let him play around with a cloud shaped like herself. From this curious romance sprang the Centaurs, half man and half horse.

Although Ixion was bound to an eternal wheel for boasting he loved Hera, his earthly son named Pirithous carried on. When Pirithous married Hippodamia, the Centaurs were asked to the wedding feast. But excited by the new experience of wine, the wild Eurytion seized the bride, and his Centaur companions followed suit with her ladies-in-waiting. But at last the horse-men were driven away.

Japanese Pearl King Ready For Heaven Since The Oysters' Souls Forgave Him

TOKIO.

KOKICHI MIKIMOTO, the Japanese pearl king who rose from the humble station of noodle peddler to the exalted one of merchant prince, is happy again. So, like most venerable persons of his race, he has ordered an elaborate coffin and funeral clothes, and is now preparing to meet his maker.

The reason why Mr. Mikimoto is no longer tormented and kept awake nights worrying about his chances of entering Heaven, is because he has been pardoned by the souls of the millions of oysters who gave their lives to him so that he could enrich himself by selling their lustrous pearls.

Up to a few years ago Mr. Mikimoto was so busy fulfilling his dream of supplying "a pearl for every woman in the world," that he gave scant thought to the welfare of the oysters he destroyed. But as he became older and wiser and no longer had to worry about amassing material riches, he commenced to take an interest in spiritual things. He began to wonder if he was doing right by his oysters.

Mr. Mikimoto was born in Toba, Japan, in 1858. From his youth he was a man of unusual intelligence and early acquired some local prominence as an inventor and a cultivator of oysters. Five years ago he retired from active business and now spends practically all of his time in Toba. He is one of the most successful businessmen in the country. His wealth is estimated in millions of dollars. The total farms amounts to 40,380 acres. Eighty buildings are now occupied and a thousand people are employed. Upward of a million pearls a year are gathered and made ready for market.

Every morning Mr. Mikimoto goes for a walk in his vast estate. Along his route he passes small mountains of oyster shells. In former times as he looked on these mounds, Mr. Mikimoto's breast swelled with pride and satisfaction. For the higher the oyster shells piled up, the more pearls it meant and the richer he became. Each one of the millions of shells had contained a tiny, gleaming white bead, valued at anywhere from a few dollars to thousands of dollars.

But as has already been explained, a transformation occurred in Mr. Mikimoto's life not long ago. He no longer took pride in the mounds of oyster shells on his estate. On the contrary, his heart cried with pity for the poor souls within the castaway shells which had been sacrificed to enrich him.

For days and nights the pearl king was tormented by the thought of the poor oysters. He himself was growing older and he knew that he had not many more years to live. What if he should encounter the souls of the bivalves in the next world? What, in fact, if he could not enter the next world with a clear conscience?

As Mr. Mikimoto pondered over this he grew thin and pale. One day he finally decided to seek the forgiveness of the oysters and summoned the priest of a nearby temple. He asked the religious man what he might do to obtain forgiveness.

The priest advised the holding of a memorial service for the dead oysters. So a grand religious ceremony was arranged. Practically the entire population of Toba participated in this unique ceremony. Prayers were offered to the souls of the departed oysters and their forgiveness asked. High priests officiated at the ceremony as though some great statesman was being mourned.

The ceremony duly completed, Mr. Mikimoto was assured that he had been forgiven and that when he entered Heaven his soul could rest as peacefully as those of the millions of oysters.

So happy was Mr. Mikimoto over this good news that he purchased a complete funeral outfit. On seeing his coffin and his death costume, he became anxious to try them on and ordered a rehearsal of his funeral. He invited the entire village of Toba to take part in it and to conduct it just as though he had actually died.

Everything was arranged for this unique event and a date was set for it. Intimate friends of Mr. Mikimoto in Tokio, hearing of this, solemnly advised him to put off the funeral rehearsal. If he had to have a rehearsal of his funeral, they said, have it on his 88th birthday when, according to Japanese belief, all persons are reborn. At first Mr. Mikimoto objected but he was persuaded to put off his mock funeral.

The School Children of Toba in Attendance at the Weird Ceremony for the Departed Oysters That Gave Their Lives to Make Mr. Mikimoto, the Repentant Millionaire, All His Money.

The Temple Priest Making the Road to Heaven Easier for Mr. Mikimoto, Who, When Forgiven, Got All Ready for His Funeral and Selected a Nice, Comfortable Coffin.

Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto, Who, in His Haste to Make a Fortune, Forgot All About the Spiritual Phases of Oysters Until Old Age Overtook Him, and Then He Grew Thin Worrying About How the Dead Bivalves Felt About Him.

She Broke Her Dates, But Jean's Typ Was the Right Steer

NINETEEN - YEAR - OLD Jean Minish of Hudson, Iowa, is a smart, up-to-date high school girl who likes the movies, dances and the boys as well as the next one. But when there's a job to be done—like raising a grand champion steer—she gladly passes up these pleasures and pays strict attention to business.

The other day, after a solid year of work with a Hereford steer named Typ—named for the rancher from whom she bought the animal as a calf—she led it into the arena at the Western Livestock Show in Denver. Five hundred other boys and girls led bovine "critters" in the same show ring, too. But Miss Minish topped them all. The judges called Typ the best Hereford in the show, the finest animal weighing more than 1,000 pounds, and the grand champion of all the beasts exhibited by young breeders.

With no trace of regret the Iowa girl explained to newspapermen who crowded around her when the judges hung the blue ribbon on one of Typ's shining horns that she had given up all social life to bring the winner to perfection and had missed a lot of good times. "But," she said, "I get more kick out of the cattle business than from any of these things and being the breeder of a grand champion makes a girl feel that she's of some use."

Miss Minish had to get up early in the morning to mix the feed for her steer and hustled home at night to see that it was properly fed and bedded down for the night. Every few days she checked the animal's growth and saw to it that the future champion came along at just the right rate and in exactly the right way. It was, as she discovered, a full-time job.

She's going to college to study animal husbandry.

Jean Minish, 19, of Hudson, Iowa, and Her Prize Steer Typ, During Whose Grooming for the Stock Show She Renounced Movies and Dates, and Who Was Well Rewarded When Typ Was Declared the Champ.

The Giant Statue of the Charging Bull at Tempelhof Airport, Near Berlin, Made of Hundreds of Foundation Stones Taken From the Houses Demolished When the Airport Areas Were Cleared of Residential Buildings.

Queer Statue of Foundation Stones

BERLIN.

IN a square not far from the world-famous Tempelhof Airport is one of the strangest pieces of sculpture to be found anywhere in the world. It is not, as it seems to be from a distance, a figure carved from a solid boulder but a remarkable job of masonry fashioned of thousands of foundation stones. The pile, worked on by the chisels of one of the country's ablest sculptors, became a charging bull of heroic proportions.

For its size the statue is one of the least expensive ever erected in Germany, or any other European country. The raw material cost the government nothing because it came from the walls of several houses and public buildings which were demolished to make room for more modern structures of steel and concrete. The building wreckers carried away the timber but found it more expensive to handle the heavy blocks and cart them away than they were worth.

Civic officials in that quarter of the German capital close by the country's No. 1 air field put their heads together and devised a clever idea for making use of the stuff. Why not, they asked, load it in trucks for a short haul to a spacious public square and make a landmark?

The artistic trend in Germany is today, more than ever, for works of art suggesting power, aggressiveness and courage. At first the officials considered fashioning the blocks into the gigantic likeness of a storm trooper who would seem to be guarding the road to the airport.

The estimates, however, showed that such a figure would be more expensive than some less complicated subject so a compromise was made and a broad-shouldered bull was decided upon.

Everyone who gazed on the sculpture would be moved by the size of the inanimate brute and get a distinct feeling of great strength traveling at high speed.

The sculptor picked for the job made a small plaster model of the statue and a crew of laborers and masons went to work moving the blocks and piling them up. The work was not done in a slipshod manner for each stone was carefully selected and so placed on another stone that the base of the monument and the statue itself became a masterly job of fitting and cementing.

Very little actual sculpturing was necessary, so expertly did the masons select the stones and match them. A little chiseling was done about the head so that the horns and the animal's snout would be clearly defined. Similar work was necessary to shape the creature's midriff and muscular hind legs.

Thus the neighborhood was cleaned of a considerable quantity of unsightly waste material and, while saving the expense of hauling it to a dumping place well outside the limits of the community, the village was presented with one of the largest and most unusual statues to be found on the European continent.

There are one or two such works of art elsewhere in Germany, one of them made of concrete and the other fashioned of ordinary building brick. The brick statue is a gigantic figure of a man and was made in much the same manner as the oversize bull. Masons did the rough work and sculptors finished the job by shaping a few bricks here and there.

Not all of Germany's artists think the bull beautifies the landscape but, since the government approved the project, they keep their views to themselves.

How Bully, the Dog, Saved Life of His Entombed Master

PETER JOHNSON, a coal mine operator in Flemington, West Virginia, and everyone else in that community, thinks Bully, the dog shown in the photograph below, belongs in the canine hall of fame.

The other day, Mr. Johnson, making an inspection tour in the Pittsvein mine, was entombed by a cave-in. Bully managed to escape from the rock and earth that rumbled down and ran to the surface. His behavior, as he soon demonstrated, was the result of quick thinking, not cowardice. He didn't abandon his master—he saved his life.

Bully barked and whined until he attracted the attention of the miners. In his dog's way he told them that something was wrong down under the ground. He wouldn't let up until they went with him to the pile of debris behind which his owner was trapped. He howled mournfully and started to dig with his paws.

A checkup revealed that Johnson had gone into that gallery and the miners knew the grim news that the dog was bringing them as well as though he had the power of speech. The cave-in was a big one and a bad one and the miners went to work. The task of saving Johnson seemed hopeless. Bully stayed on the job with each shift and spurred them on by his barking and his efforts to help them remove the barrier of earth and rock.

It was a week before the men cleared away the last of the litter and found away a hole large enough to get the weak and wasted mine quizzer through it. Bully licked his master's drawn and dirty face, as if hoping him not to give up the fight.

At the time Bully led the men into the mine he swam through a pool of murky water in order to show the miners exactly where to dig. During the week that Johnson was entombed, the dog wasn't interested in food or sleep. He stayed on the job by his boss's bed until he was up and around again.

Peter Robert Johnson, the Coal Mine Operator, Who Was Entombed a Week at Flemington, W. Va., and Bully, His Pet Dog. It Was Bully Who Led Rescuers to the Spot Where a Cave-in Had Imprisoned His Master.

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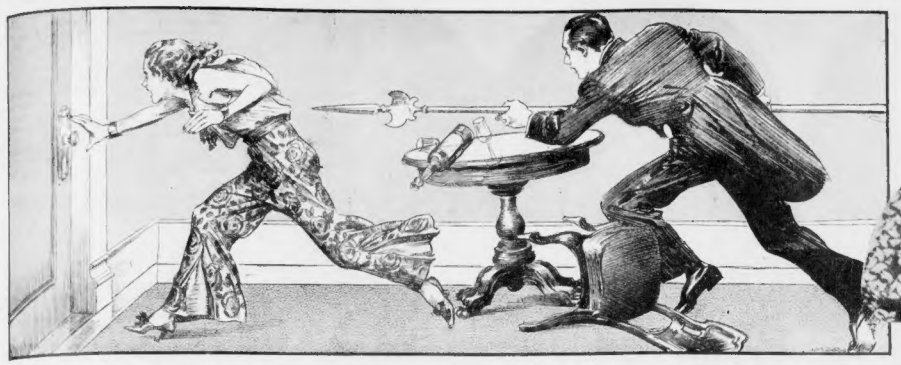
Rich Old Otto Young's Lively Grandchildren



On One Occasion, According to an Affidavit, Stanley Drank a Bottle of Green Chartreuse and Became So Vexed With His Wife That He Chased Her Into Her Bedroom With an Ancient Lance, Then Came to His Attorney at Three in the Morning to Ask Him What to Do Next.

Stanley Hunts His Wife With a Knight's Lance; Otto Whose Mother Was Charged With Buying Him a "Love Slave" Set Fire to His Wife; and Sammy When His Household Was Starving in a $500,000 Mansion Said: *"Let 'Em Live on Whisky---I Can!"*

OLD OTTO YOUNG, Chicago merchant, spent his life in building up a fortune of $50,000,000 but his seven gay grandchildren seem to have worked almost as hard in redistributing that wealth. The latest of these to break into the courts over sex and money, which seem to go out of style together, is Stanley Korwin Young, who gave as one of his defenses against paying a divorce lawyer's bill of $7,500, that he had been so drunk for a month before the suit that he did not know what it was all about.

Stanley can claim to have inherited extravagance honestly from both sides, according to the statements in the divorce suit of his mother, the former Countess de Korwin against his father, the Count de Korwin. She testified that she had supported the Count during all their married life and that it had made a dent in her great fortune. Her lawyer, Attorney A. S. Trude, added this astonishing statement, indicating the Count's expensive love life:

"Your Honor, this man (the Count) is not fit to have the custody of the boy. In order to effect the marriage with this American girl, he had to settle with nine mistresses, four morganatic wives, two common-law wives, and a large number of courtesans."

This is probably a record as far as track court statements are concerned. But on top of that, Mr. Trude said the grasping ladies were waiting for the Count at the church, and when the wedding party came out de Korwin was attacked by a whole troop of female pensioners who demanded money.

It would seem that if the noble Count was extravagant in incurring such love debts as was his rich bride if she paid them off for him.

Young Stanley, who is now twenty-two years old, was christened Stanislaus von Korwin, and his mother, the former Selma Cecile Young, one of old Otto's daughters, was known as the Countess von Korwin, wife of Count Joseph von Korwin, Austrian nobleman. But after America entered the World War she adjusted her title to Countess de Korwin, and after the divorce styled her son as Stanley Korwin Young. Her first husband was Lawrence Heyworth, father of Otto Young Heyworth, Stanley's half-brother.

During a court fight over Stanley's custody, when he was still a minor, the Count discarded his title and appeared as plain Mr. De Korwin, which caused Mr. Trude to remark:

"I knew he wasn't a Count or Baron, all the time. I figured he was one of the descendants of soldiers in the battle of White Mountain, many years ago, when the Austrian King made them all Counts to keep from having to pay them. That's why you find so many barbers and waiters in America who are Counts."

It was said that young Stanley disappointed his family in September, 1926, when he married Ruth Jacobi, who was somewhat vaguely described as an "actress." On the marriage license the bride's age was given as twenty-four, which would make her only about two years older than the bridegroom. What was reported to have annoyed his relatives most was the belief that Stanley's wife was really some sixteen years older than her husband.

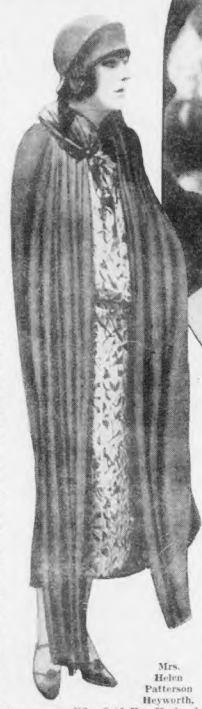
Stanley had been married less than a year when he seems to have become annoyed and asked Attorney Henry H. Shepard to get him an annulment, divorce or something. Mr. Shepard says his client complained that Ruth had "stolen" $35,000 from their joint bank account, gotten away with $35,000 more by fraud, coaxed him out of an additional $50,000 by "deceit," to say nothing of walking out of the apartment with precious curios and $25,000 of jewelry.

So, at Stanley's request, the lawyer says he undertook to investigate Ruth's past, hiring the H. M. Diamond Detective Agency to assist him, with a view to prying her loose from his pocketbook, on the grounds that she had misrepresented her previous marriage and divorce, as well as her age.

When Mr. Shepard had put in $7,500 of time, labor and expenses, excavating deep into the lady's past, he informed his client that they were all set to get his freedom. Instead of signing the necessary papers, Stanley promptly became reconciled to his wife and they headed for Honolulu on a second honeymoon.

There are two versions to account for this phenomenon. One is that Stanley could not resist dropping in on his wife to tell her what he was going to do to her in court. The result was an argument and, since, in the past, they had always had drinks with their arguments, Stanley from force of habit brought out a bottle now. The arguing, it is said, went on for a long time, until the next thing Stanley knew it was daylight and they were reconciled and everything.

The other version which seems to come mostly from young Mr. Young himself is that all these unpleasant thoughts about his wife were just a bad dream, induced by alcohol and by Berkeley Bell, former tennis champion. The champion's superior playing doubtless induced an inferiority complex complaint in Mr. Young, causing him to drink and believe anything the great player said. At any rate, here is how Stanley explained it:



Mrs. Helen Patterson Heyworth, the Actress, Who Said Her Husband, Grandson Otto Set Fire to Her.

Mrs. Samuel K. Martin, 3rd, the Attractive "Mary Jane" of the "Follies," Whose Husband, Another Young Grandson, Told Her to Live on Whisky.

"At the time I was drinking very heavily in Bell's company, and during our association in the pastime he used the opportunity to incite me against my wife by making false statements to me about her past and concerning her loyalty to me. I have since found out that they are untrue."

Bell denies making any accusations, stating that on the contrary Stanley insisted on telling him what he didn't like about Ruth and begging for help in his predicament.

Finally, according to Stanley, after a solid month of uninterrupted intoxication, he inadvertently woke up sober one morning and instantly knew that all those unkind things about his wife must be just a nightmare. So he ran right over and told Ruth who must be one of those loving and forgiving wives one reads about, because she forgave everything and set out with him on that second honeymoon.

According to either version Stanley was within his rights. A client is not obliged to take his lawyer's advice any more than a patient must take his doctor's medicine but they are supposed to pay the fees, just the same. However, Stanley reasoned that, while sober he did not want any divorce and that if he had ever asked the lawyer to get one for him he must have been intoxicated and not responsible—so he didn't owe him anything. Attorney Shepard took the alcoholic defense seriously enough to deny that he had ever seen his client intoxicated but once.

"I know of only one occasion," Shepard said, "when he was intoxicated. He told me that on Nov. 28, upon his return to his apartment, he found a bottle of old green Chartreuse on the living-room table which he proceeded to drink until he became quite intoxicated. He entered into a debate with his wife and he became somewhat angry with her and he proceeded to chase her through the apartment with an old-fashioned pointed lance and when she sought safety in her bedroom and bolted the door he attempted to break through with the lance and she telephoned for the police and five policemen responded. He later came to my apartment at 3 a. m. for the purpose of obtaining my advice."

That was certainly bad manners. The lance is said to be a genuine antique that some gallant knight used to chase other knights, as well as churls, varlets, ogres, giants and dragons away from fair ladies but never, under any circumstances, was it to be used to chase a lady with. The way to get into a lady's locked boudoir was by flattery, not crashing it with a lance.

The shocked lawyer advised his client to keep away from his wife until after the divorce. Because he disobeyed that counsel just once, is the reason that now, instead of being a free man, Stanley is back on his honeymoon, serving his married life all over again. Mr. Shepard did not see why he should be left holding the bag; he sued and received a judgment of $7,500 by default but Stanley got another lawyer to reopen the case on the ground that he wasn't properly served with the papers.

Stanley's half-brother, Otto Young Heyworth, was the most spectacular of all the grandchildren. He also married an actress and showed his annoyance at her, not with lance but such novelties as setting her wrap on fire at a cabaret. For these things she finally divorced him. He too had something of a grievance complaining that she spent every cent he gave her on an affair with the international crook, Dapper Dan Collins. Even the extravagant Otto thought this frittering away money.

The high spot in Otto Heyworth's short but gay life, for he outlived his mother by only a year, came when they both were sued for a quarter of a million dollars by Mrs. Gerteress O'Connor, a department store clerk. Mrs. O'Connor charged that Otto's mother had purchased the services of her daughter, Mona, as a "love slave" for her darling boy, hoping that it would distract him from so much drinking. The damage was itemized chiefly as the loss of her daughter's virtue and chastity.

The jury came to a curious decision. They thought Mona ought to collect something, not from the youth's mother but from Otto himself and they shaded the price from $250,000 to $6,000. They may have taken into account the testimony of a former roommate who testified that before she met Otto, Mona had indulged in strip-poker and nude dancing in mixed company.

Samuel K. Martin, 3rd, was still another grandchild to marry an actress, the former Mary Jane, dancing principal in the "Follies," who always believed she married the wildest spendthrift of them all.

They lived in "Marwood," a thirty-three-room palace, just outside Washington, D. C., where Mr. Martin soon spent his yearly income of $125,000, a small remnant of his original inheritance, and then exhausted his credit with the tradesmen.

Though the hungry servants were months behind in their pay, he always managed to keep his credit good with the bootleggers and the telephone company, his wife said.

One night, as Mrs. Martin applied iced towels to her husband's unconscious head, she kept repeating, like a phonograph record:

"We are starving on a half-million-dollar property. There is no food in the house. Nobody will trust us. Even the delicatessen man just said he was tired of giving charity to millionaires. Do something!"

Finally the words penetrated his skull. He opened a bloodshot eye, saw the whisky decanter, poured himself a drink for inspiration and got it.

"Perfectly simple," he told her. "Let them live on whisky. I can, and we've got plenty of it. Even the car can run on alcohol."

So saying he went to sleep again. When he woke up Martin had a half hour chat over the transatlantic telephone with a red-headed sweetheart in London. Long distance calls to all parts of Europe and America, and whisky were his two perennial hobbies. He also died recently, having redistributed all his patrimony except a "spendthrift fund" of which he could only get at the interest.

Marie Louise Kaufman, another one of old Otto's grandchildren and the daughter of Louis Gravereat Kaufman, retired president of the Chatham-Phoenix Bank, and a director of the Empire State Building, also incurred family displeasure when she eloped not long ago with Carl Tonella, son of an undertaker, in Marquette, Michigan. But she could see no reason why her runaway marriage should meet with such disapproval, since elopements are a particularly well-established custom in her branch of the family.

Her elder brother, Gravereat, set the pace about twelve years ago by eloping with Mae Dow, an actress, and later settling out of court a $100,000 breach-of-promise suit brought by his stenographer, who claimed that this shy Mr. Kaufman had persuaded his valet to propose for him. A few years later another brother, the late Louis Kaufman, Jr., eloped with Dorothy Dilley, another actress, and about two years ago her sister, Juliet, announced over transatlantic telephone that she had just married Count de Manio.

This does not account for all old Otto's grandchildren, but there's a chunk of his millions still left, so it's reasonable to suppose others may be heard from later.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Korwin Young, as They Looked After Stanley Woke Up From His "Bad Dream," Discharged His Lawyer, and Skipped Out on a Second Honeymoon.

Mona O'Connor, the "Love-Slave" of Otto.

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Hubby's Horoscope False, Though He Was True, But She Got A Divorce

VIENNA.

THE stars brought Rudolf Kaufmann and Hedwig Hesser together and, in a way, made them man and wife. The other day, those same blinking astral bodies dissolved the marriage after as strange a divorce case as ever was tried in the courts of Austria.

Mr. Kaufmann loved his pretty wife. He hadn't looked at another woman. He was a good provider. He even shared her interest in astrology. They were getting along all right —until, quite by accident, Hedwig discovered that her hubby's horoscope, which had decided her to go to the altar with him instead of with one of two other fellows, wasn't what she had supposed it to be.

Mrs. Kaufmann is one of those people who believe that every move we make, our characters and our destinies are strictly "written in the heavens." She just couldn't bear it when she discovered that the astral forces directing her husband's life were not what she thought. It didn't matter, in the least, that their domestic life had gone along smoothly. She was sure that it would pile up on the rocks sooner or later, and she wanted to dissolve the union before the stars got in their unpleasant and inevitable work.

All this came out at the trial, and somewhat puzzled judges, none of whom were disciples of astrology, wisely decided that it probably was best for the defendant and the plaintiff to go their separate ways. So, indulging in a bit of star-gazing, so to speak, they clipped the holy bonds of matrimony. Mr. Kaufmann went back to his job and Mrs. Kaufmann had more time on her hands to fuss with horoscopes and kindred shapers of human destiny.

The strange story, as related to the judges and a packed courtroom, went back to the time when pretty Hedwig Hesser was in her early twenties. Even then she was an ardent disciple of astrology but found time to accept the sentimental attentions of three young men, one of them Mr. Kaufmann.

It so happened that each of the boys was good to look upon and of fine character. They were solid chaps, too, and had excellent prospects. Hedwig found it hard to choose. So, resorting to astrology, she asked each of them for the exact date and hour of his birth. Armed with this information she consulted an expert. In the influence of the stars on human hearts and minds. He worked out the horoscope of the three swains, noting the constellations under which they were born and all the other astral details essential to a prediction of their future behavior and success.

Rudolf Kaufmann, of Vienna, Whose Wife's Happiness Collapsed After Eight Years, When She Learned She Had Been Deceived by His Horoscope.

A Typical Viennese Astrology Booth, Patronized by Thousands of Women Whose Belief in the Influence of Heavenly Bodies Is Just as Strong as Mrs. Kaufmann's.

Hedwig Kaufmann, Photographed at the Divorce Trial, Where a Decree Was Granted at the Behest of Both Parties Just Because There Was a Mixup in the Bridegroom's Birth Date.

It so happened that Kaufmann had reported to his love that he came into the world on April 4, such and such a year. Now, as things worked out, that was just a dandy day to be born and, as long as he lived, the planets swinging through space would smile on Mr. Kaufmann and endow him with those qualities of body and mind and heart which make for romance, constancy, and the ability to bring home enough legal tender to keep his household in necessities and luxuries. So Mr. Kaufmann, poor soul, was selected, and thought himself the most favored of men.

For eight years he enjoyed, as he told the court, more happiness than most husbands find in a lifetime. His wife, because of their almost blissful home life, believed more than ever in the science of the stars which had given her such a straight steer when she was picking a mate.

And then, in a manner of speaking, the heavens fell upon the happy husband—and all because he was offered a better position at more money.

Among other credentials which he had to present was a copy of his birth certificate. When he went to the Bureau of Vital Statistics for this he discovered that, as recorded on his marriage license, he wasn't born on April 4 but on the 14th. More as a joke than anything else he remarked to his wife, when he came home, that he was younger than he supposed by ten whole days.

Her brow furrowed. She stared at him as though he had confessed to an axe murder or a bank robbery. She demanded to know what he meant by deceiving her when he knew that their marriage had been built on the supposed accuracy of their harmonizing horoscopes. She called him a fraud and rushed to the 'phone. She made an appointment with the city's No. 1 astrology expert.

This fellow cast up Kaufmann's horoscope again. This time the report was something that sent his wife to a lawyer's office. In court the pleasant-faced and mild-mannered Mr. Kaufmann testified that the correct story of his life, as written in the sky, made him out a weak character, easily influenced by bad company and, what was worse, a potential murderer. His unlucky stars, according to the document, labeled him a liar and a fraud who could not be faithful to any woman for long and who would, in the end, turn to a life of crime and go to the dogs.

The defendant didn't believe any such thing. Neither did the gentlemen on the bench. They tried to reason with the wife, for she was deaf to their arguments. If they understood astrology, she said, they would know that the stars never are wrong about a person. She charged the heart broken Mr. Kaufmann with deliberately falsifying his birth certificate in the first place in order to win over his rivals in the contest for her hand.

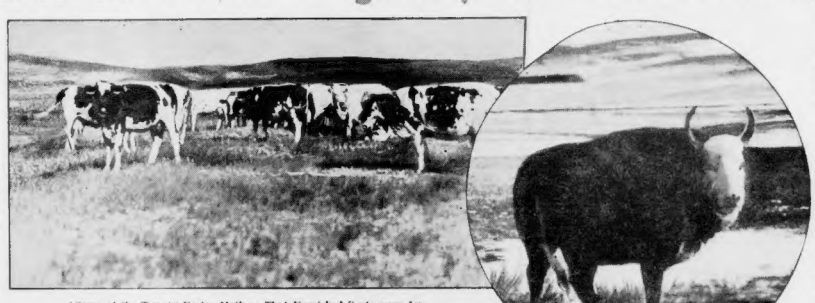
He emphatically denied such villainy, explaining that he didn't know that his bride had, before accepting his proposal, checked up on him and his rivals. If he had, he said, he might have pondered the situation awhile because he is convinced that people should be judged on performance, not prediction.

Then the worm turned. The husband filed a counter suit asking a divorce on the grounds of desertion. There was not a chance, he said, that his wife ever would accept him at his face value and judge him by his behavior instead of by "the hocus-pocus of astrology." The judges, in their wisdom, dissolved the union after a day's deliberation.

Once the Outcast of the Herd, "Traveling Jenny" the Half-breed Bovine, is Now Queen

OF THE thousands and thousands of cows in this country there isn't another like "Traveling Jenny," the bovine queen of the North Dakota badlands. Ever since she was born this freak of the Great Open Spaces has been a topic for conversation among the farmers and ranchers of the State in which she does just about as she pleases, and the portrait of her on this page is the first close-up—and perhaps the last—ever to be taken of her.

It was snapped by Leo D. Harris, of Killdeer, North Dakota, who surprised Jenny at a waterhole and clicked the shutter just before the curious beast galloped off, clearing a couple of fences in her flight to continue enjoying the wild freedom which has been hers for more than four years.



Some of the Twenty Foster Mothers That Furnished Sustenance for "Traveling Jenny" When She Was an Orphan Calf.

"Traveling Jenny," the Half Cow, Half Buffalo, Now the Bovine Regent of the North Dakota Badlands.

Jenny is one of those rare freaks of nature, a hybrid that scientists say can't happen more than once in a generation. Her mother was a Hereford cow and her father, believe it or not, was a buffalo. So Jenny has the white face of her mother, and something of the bulk and shape of her sire. Her horns are more like those of a buffalo than those of a cow, and she can outrun the smartest horses, given a head-start. Up to now she always has managed to get that lead whenever a cowhand, lasso on the pommel of his saddle, starts out after her.

Jenny's mother went the way of all bovine flesh soon after her freak offspring was born on the Connolly ranch, and the orphan was brought up by the other cows of the herd. But she never felt entirely at home with the Herefords and they, apparently, sensed that she was different from them. She became a sort of outcast.

As she grew older she developed amazing speed of foot for a cow and other habits which were more buffaloish than cattle-like. It never was possible to get her inside a building, even in the bitterest Winter weather. She much preferred to sleep in the snow and browse for her fodder.

For many months the boss of the Connolly ranch and his hard-riding crew have been trying to figure out a way to catch Jenny because a rancher in Nebraska has offered a handsome price for the freak and wants her on his place. To date she's foot-loose and fancy-free and hasn't even come close to being captured.

The picture of her on this page was taken by Mr. Harris, who has tried off and on, for more than two years to catch Jenny with his lens. One morning when the outcast had been sighted on the open flats, through a powerful pair of field glasses, Harris set out in an automobile. The camera was all set but, when the machine got within 500 yards of Jenny she sighted it, threw her head in the air and galloped off, sailing over a couple of stout wire fences in her get-away.

The car continued along the rough trail and, half an hour later, stopped behind a low hill near a waterhole. The cameraman crept stealthily to the top of the knoll, pushing his camera ahead of him just in case. By good luck Jenny was there, drinking. The instant she looked up the shutter clicked. Then the outcast turned like a flash and disappeared to continue her wild and solitary life.

"Bathing in Baskets" With the New Straw Suit

Fashion's Straws in the Wind Are Indicating This Novelty for Beachwear—A Suit Made of Woven Straw and Very Decorative. It Was Introduced at Miami.

THE new bathing outfit worn by the young woman in the picture at the left, may or may not be a "straw in the wind" of fashion. But it is an innovation, at least, and interested the battery of cameramen at Miami, Florida, who bask on the sunswept beaches just to see what the girls—or the press agents—will think up next.

This ensemble isn't fashioned of silk or of wool. It's woven of straw and looks remarkably well for a material that, up to now, hasn't occurred to the couturiers as a fabric for seaside fashions. Perhaps it doesn't cling quite so close as cloth, but the fibre selected for the experimental outfit is fine and unusually flexible. The pioneer who paraded in it while the cameras clicked denied that it was "scratchy" or made her feel that she was walking around in a floor mat converted into a trig pair of panties and a bodice, if that word can be used to describe the upper part of the ensemble.

Paris didn't send scouts rushing to the Florida beaches when pictures of the straw costumes found their way overseas, but it is rumored that one or two of the fashion czars in the French capital did register polite interest, for three reasons. In the first place, straw is not as expensive as many of the materials used in the making of waterside styles. In the second place the pattern in the Florida outfit demonstrated that there are all sorts of possibilities in design and color schemes. And, last but not least, straw becomes more flexible when it's wet than when it is dry and, at the same time, shrinks slightly. This means that the straw suits are as trim when they are wet as when they are dry, which is a strong point for the material.

It seems that the search for new fabrics and new styles in bathing suits never ends, although the makers of such ensembles have just about agreed that they have gone about as far as they can in scantiness. They'll go on experimenting with suits of metal and wood and straw, and even loaf costumes of the sort that Mother Eve is supposed to have worn in Paradise, but they can't cut down the amount of material without making nudists of their patrons and getting them into trouble with the alert authorities and "prudish" laymen who patrol the watering places looking for "shocking" sights.

Real Tired Feet in the Garden

A WANDERING cameraman browsing through the country a few miles from the busy market places of London came upon the young woman shown in the photograph at the right. She wasn't expecting to have her picture taken and was staging no stunt to get herself in the newspapers and magazines.

The queer looking things on her feet are sections of a worn-out automobile tire and their purpose is, as she explained, two-fold —to keep the mud off her shoes, which are completely hidden by the curved sections of rubber, and to keep her from skidding in the soft, rain-soaked soil of the garden.

This gardener explained to the cameraman that she knows the shoe covers are not things of beauty and that they do not make a feminine farmer look "fetching" at her work. She also pointed out that, when she got the bright idea, she was thinking only of the usefulness of the contraptions and not at all how they would look to other people, or in the newspapers and magazines. In her faultless English she labeled the "tired" feet "strictly utilitarian."

Old tires, it seems, can be made into such footwear with a few cuts of a good sharp knife and the curved sections couldn't be better if they were especially designed for the job. The shape of the rubber makes the "toes" of the odd boots stick well out of the ground, so that they pick up no mud, even in soft going, and the tread provides ample traction to prevent slipping.

A Pair of Garden Boots Contrived From Pieces of an Old Auto Tire by This English Gardener. The "Overshoes" Keep Her Feet Clean and Dry.

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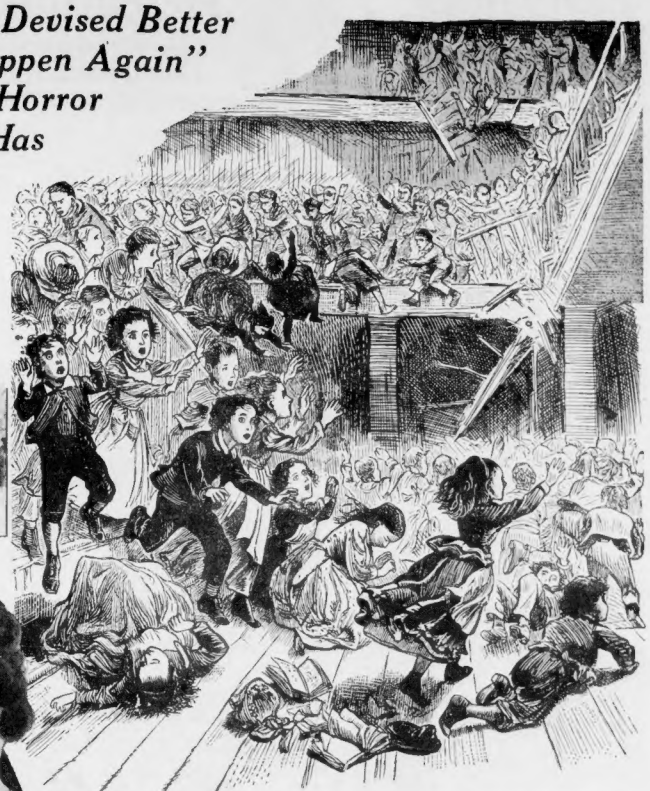
Frightful Tragedies That Have Befallen Schoolchildren

After Each Disaster Officials Have Devised Better Safeguards and Said "It Can't Happen Again" ---But the Recent Texas School Horror Proves It Can as It Always Has

The Schoolhouse at Collinwood, Ohio, a Few Minutes After the Start of the Fire That Caused 174 Deaths.



Modern Fire Drills and Other Safety Measures Were First Put Into Effect After the 1851 Tragedy in New York's Ward School 26, Shown in This Old Print From "Our First Century." Stricken With Paralysis of the Tongue, a Teacher Made Strange Faces That Caused a Pupil to Shout for Someone to Bring Her Water. But Another Pupil in the Next Room Jumped to the Fatal Conclusion and Screamed "Fire!" Instantly, the Panic-Stricken Children Dashed From Their Rooms, Clogging the Stairwaves, the Railings of Which Broke, Hurling Them Into a Writhing Mass That Piled Up From the Basement to the Second Story. More Than a Hundred Were Killed, Either by Being Trampled and Suffocated, or Jumping From Windows.

"It can never happen again!" they say after each catastrophe, like the gas explosion that killed 425 schoolchildren and teachers at New London, Texas.

Yet strangely enough, in spite of fireproof schools, fire escapes, fire drills, fire extinguishers, doors that open outward and every other reasonable precaution that legislators and school boards can devise, it does happen again and again to large gatherings of schoolchildren.

The Texas Legislature immediately went to work on a bill prohibiting the use of gas unless mixed with a malodorous substance to make leaks quickly noticeable.

This disaster might have been foreseen and will probably not shock the country again in just that form, but the tragedies to schoolchildren may occur in the future as they have in the past in ways which the human mind could hardly conceive. For instance, the first major one, killing more than 100 pupils, at Ward School 26 on Greenwich Street, New York City, in 1851, happened because a teacher made strange faces across her desk at her little girls.

That November afternoon, Miss Harrison, principal of the girls' department, was feeling ill, but decided to give her lecture anyhow. Taking her seat behind the desk on the teacher's platform she stopped the buzz of whispering with the ebony ruler she called a ferule in those days.

But when Miss Harrison started to speak the sound that her tongue had suddenly become paralyzed. The youthful audience wondered why their dignified principal was making queer noises and the principal, with all these wondering eyes on her, strove by heroic efforts of will power to make her tongue obey. The only result was a series of agonized faces which changed the children's surprise to alarm. With quick sympathy, one in the front row cried:

"She's going to faint. Get a glass of water!"

It was a sensible idea and several girls in the back rushed to the next room, a large one, where nearly 200 boys were just taking their seats. Those were startled by the appearance of half a dozen frightened-looking girls rushing in with a shrill cry of fear: Get water quick!"

"What do you want water for?" asked one of the boys.

"Maybe it's to put out a fire," suggested another. The fatal word had been spoken, to be repeated in shouts and screams through every room in the fourstory building. Even the girls who knew what the water was for, forgot that and their stricken teacher, in this new and deadly, though imaginary, peril. From every room there was a hysterical rush for the stairways.

Under pressure of this stampede the stair railing gave way and the torrent of screaming boys and girls tumbled down to the basement. Within two minutes, according to reports of the time, the space from the basement to the third step of the stairs rising from the second floor was filled with four-foot square feet of little bodies, writhing, struggling, shrieking and dying from pressure and suffocation."

Forty died in that pit of death, others died later from their injuries, while still others, recoiling from that death trap, ran back to kill themselves by jumping from the windows of the building, all because a teacher had made faces, her pupils had called for water which had been translated into fire.

Such a chain of circumstances was unpredictable, but the lesson was clear enough. Panic must be prevented whether the fire is real or not. In most schools of the country fire alarms were installed and the children had great fun marching out when they knew nothing was wrong. One of these well-equipped and well-drilled schools was the Collinwood School, near Cleveland, Ohio, for children from the first to the eighth grade.

One blustery March morning in 1908, the fire bells sounded and the children, as usual, arose, formed in line and with orderly deliberation, started out of the building. This time, however, they were not "just pretending." The principal had sounded the alarm because someone had told him that the had smelt smoke.

As the first of the children reached the bottom of the stairs they got a glimpse of smoke and of flames, licking the side of one of the lower rooms. Though there was ample time for the last of them to have gotten out, even at a snail's pace, they screamed and dashed for the front door.

Instantly they were all in the grip of the thing the drill was supposed to prevent—panic. Like little wild animals they threw themselves at the front and rear doors, and then this country, the greatest schoolhouse-builder in the world, learned another thing. All exit doors should open outward. These opened inward—which the pressure of the children automatically made impossible. A child stumbled and fell, another was pushed over him and in another moment the crowding forms were piled six feet deep as still others climbed over them.

By nightfall 167 bodies had been taken from the building, 142 of them were identified, but 25 others were so badly charred and mutilated by the tramping of little feet that even their own mothers could not recognize them. The final count was 174 dead.

"Well, that can never happen again," was said all over the country as school buildings were equipped with fire escapes, outswinging doors and built of fireproof materials. Yet it did happen again, and for the same reason, on Christmas Eve, 1925, in a remote little schoolhouse at Babbs Switch, Oklahoma.

The children had gotten through their own singing and recitations, endured the long speeches by their elders and at last saw coming the only thing they were interested in. Andrew Jackson, a farmer, dressed in the conventional Santa Claus costume, went to the great Christmas tree and started giving out presents. As he touched the tree, there was a warning shout:

"Look out!"

Santa Claus and everyone else looked up in spell-bound silence at a big candle on the top of the tree. It teetered back and forth for a moment and then, bowing slowly, like a high diver, plunged down through the tree, touching off as it went the cotton snow all the way down to the floor. With almost explosive suddenness the entire tree burst into flame. Arms of flame reached out and set fire to the costume of Jackson and several others. Instantly there was the same old panic and the same fatal result because the main exit doors opened inward.

This was thought to be all right because the children in their fire drill had been trained to pause ten feet away from the doors until one of the teachers had thrown them wide open. But that drill did not include the children's parents, who now hurled themselves at the doors, building up an immovable barricade of bodies.

This time there were only 36 lives lost because the thing was on a smaller scale. Still it might have ranked in number of deaths among the worst, had not someone managed to break the heavy screening over one of the windows for those who did escape to get out.

One of the communities to take all these lessons to heart was the little town of Bath, Michigan, which built a $50,000 schoolhouse, not only fireproof, and with doors opening outward, but with so many fire exits that it surely was panic-proof. Nobody's imagination was able to conceive of a mass accident happening inside that building, yet it came.

One day, just as in the New London tragedy, the citizens of Bath heard a terrific explosion and saw their beautiful school collapse on their children. As in the Texas disaster, everyone stopped work, far and near, to pull the ruins from the victims. The death toll was 38 children and five teachers, with about as many more injured. The community hardly had time to pause and wonder what had destroyed their perfect school when the answer came. It was fireproof, panic-proof and fool-proof, but not maniac-proof.

Andrew Kehoe, one of the school board, had become insane without anyone suspecting it. His obsession was that such a costly schoolhouse was too much for the already overburdened taxpayers. When it was built, in spite of his protests, the madman planted dynamite in the walls and cellar, wiring it all up with a time clock.

He had also planted dynamite in his car and, as a last touch, on hearing the explosion, murdered his wife, set fire to his farm buildings and then, as a parting gesture, blew up his car which he had filled with dynamite and pieces of old farm machinery, killing himself and four others.

Christmas has always seemed a favorite occasion for death to mow down children in large numbers. There was the Calumet, Michigan, case, which took 72 lives on Christmas Eve, 1913. Like the Ward School 26 disaster, it was fire panic without any fire, and, like the Bath one, it may have had a touch of madness in it because it was started by a cry of "Fire!" by a man who had no reason for thinking there was one.

A children's entertainment in Italian Hall had been arranged by wives of the miners, and it is said extra precautions taken against the possibility of fire. Over 600 people, 95 per cent of them children, had crowded into the hall when some man, who was never identified or he would have been lynched, suddenly yelled the fatal word, for no sane reason anyone could see.

There was not even any smoke, but nobody stopped to investigate. Instead they started in a mad rush for the narrow exits. The first to reach them struggled with each other to get out first and while they were struggling others ran into them, forming a mass that blocked the doors in spite of the fact that they opened outward. Arms, legs and trunks were soon tangled and locked like the logs in a river log-jam.

When the panic finally subsided the rescuers had to untangle that jam from the inside and got in easily enough through an ample fire escape which nobody had noticed in the excitement. Rapidly the little forms were sorted into three groups by the doctors, the dead, those who were hovering between life and death, and those with enough life in them to be safely neglected for a few minutes and still saved. The loss was seventy-two lives.

Children also have had luck in theatres around Christmas time. An example of this was the dreadful Iroquois Theatre fire, in Chicago, on December 30, 1903. This new and fire-proof theatre had only been open six weeks and advertised "Mr. Bluebeard" as a "delightful extravaganza for children." A large number of children were among the 1,900 people in the house and a proportionate number among the 601 victims. The theatre was indeed fireproof, but the stage curtain and the scenery were not and this was enough to create the same old exit-blocking panic.

Montreal had a similar catastrophe in 1927 when 77 school children lost their lives, attending a celebration in the Laurier Palace Theatre. Here there was a real fire but, as usual when children are the victims, most of them were killed by suffocation and being trampled to death as the frightened youngsters converged in the narrow exits.

Curiously enough, exactly the same number died in a schoolhouse fire at Camden, South Carolina, on May, 1923. Commencement exercises were in progress in the school hall when an oil lamp tipped over and set fire to the stage trimming. In a few minutes flames were spreading through the entire interior of the building. The hall being on the second floor, 300 people tried to run down the stairway together, causing it to crash with them, and there they died, one crushing the other until the flames caught up with them.

Twelve farms in the vicinity had no occupants after that fire but the animals, the entire human population having been wiped out. Yet they could have all escaped without much trouble through the many windows but, for some unknown reason, these were all barred.

In the Christmas Tragedy at Babbs Switch, Oklahoma, Mrs. Juanita Clements Stevenson Died With Her Arms Clasped About the Body of Her Two-Year-Old Daughter—So They Were Buried in That Last Embrace.

Most of Them Burned Beyond Recognition, Twenty of the Thirty-seven Victims of the Babbs Switch Schoolhouse Fire Were Buried in One Forty-foot Grave.

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She Fell Asleep Every Time She Laughed

ONE of the strangest diseases in the history of medicine has just come to light at the National Hospital in London. The doctors there are slowly but surely curing a woman patient of a rare malady which has non-stop talkers, 20-year sleepers and folks who can't stop yawning beaten for oddity.

The woman, a Wimbledon housewife, fell fast asleep every time she laughed. When she went to the movies and saw a comedy she fell asleep as soon as she laughed. If any of her friends told her a good joke she fell asleep almost before the last word of the joke had been told. She went with a friend to see a revival of Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times" and laughed so loudly that she had to be carried out of the theatre by ushers and taken home in a taxi—sound asleep.

She first began to realize her strange affliction a few months ago when she invited some friends in for tea. As they were sitting around the tea table one of the women decided to tell a humorous story which she had heard that morning. When the joke was over and everyone was laughing, the small group happened to notice that their hostess was nodding and after she had given one expansive yawn, fell asleep.

They thought this was pretty odd for the joke hadn't been dull and there was a slight chance of her falling asleep because she was bored. In a few minutes she woke up and apologized. Her friends left soon after. Then she began to notice that most forms of excitement had the same effect upon her.

When the telephone or the doorbell rang, the sudden jarring sound aroused in her an almost uncontrollable desire to go right to bed. If she lost her temper and began to quarrel, she would drop off before the other person had time to talk back, which was rather disconcerting for an opponent just warming up to a good argument.

Often while she was waiting for her order in a butcher shop or grocery store she would fall asleep standing up, and if there was nothing to support her she would crumple and fall on the floor. She hardly dared sit down in a trolley that she used on her way to market, for fear that she would fall asleep and pass her destination. At times she would sleep for five minutes, although sometimes her slumbers lasted for hours and nothing would wake her.

Finally she left her Wimbledon home one morning to go

The Taxi Driver Summoned a Couple of Internes and They Bore the Woman on a Stretcher Into the Hospital, Thinking She Had Suffered a Stroke.

to London to seek the advice of specialists at the National Hospital. She slept practically all the way there in the train. When she got out at Victoria Station she went up to a taxi driver and asked him drowsily to take her to the National Hospital. She had hardly gotten in the cab when she was fast asleep, her head resting against the cushions.

When the taxi driver arrived at the place he had been directed to, he saw that his fare was fast asleep. He tried to rouse her, and having no luck rushed into the hospital and got a couple of internes and a stretcher. They bore the sleeping woman into a room, and a hasty examination was made. They found that she had not suffered a stroke, but that she was suffering from one of the rarest complaints known to medicine. It is called narcolepsy and it has been defined as an uncontrollable tendency to attacks of deep sleep of short duration. It has been observed in epileptic cases and other nervous afflictions.

While in the hospital the patient had to be kept in absolute quiet, for the slightest noise would jar her nerves and put her to sleep. Even the sound of the doctor's voice would make her feel drowsy.

Whenever the patient dozed off, her nap would continue for perhaps several hours, and when she awoke she would feel drowsy and almost too languid to walk about. Sometimes she would fall asleep while cooking, and that she was never seriously burned, she considers merely good luck.

Usually, noise awakens people, instead of putting them to sleep, but the rules are reversed in this case.

For several weeks now she has been receiving treatment with ephedrin drugs and steadily her strange illness is passing from her. It will take several weeks, the doctors say, to cure her. The progress of her case has been followed with intense interest by medical men all over the world. They hope that by a close study of her nervous reactions to different sound stimuli, such as laughter, they may be able to find a cure for one of the most puzzling diseases known to science—sleeping sickness. This strange malady is called encephalitis lethargica, and is characterized by fever and drowsiness.

One of the most notable cases occurred not far from Wimbledon, the home of the narcoleptic woman. The patient, Victor S. Cleave, an English railroad man, slept four years, not at the switch, fortunately, but in a hospital, and then woke up thinking, like Rip Van Winkle, that it was only the next day.

In the case of sleeping sickness, the slumberer is a sort of nervous bankrupt, whose system economizes by shutting off the nerve currents from all parts of the body not strictly necessary to sustain life, and slowly recharges the run-down batteries of the run-down system. Everyone does the same thing on a small and normal scale every night. The railroad man merely collected in a lump what should have been his regular sleep rations for 12 years. While his sleep was more like a coma, the sleep of the Wimbledon housewife was more like an ordinary faint caused by nervous shock, except that the rather dreadful shocks in her case were often the things which normal healthy human beings consider amusing.

Tangled Romance Presents Judge With His Oddest Problem

MR. JUSTICE ATKINSON pounded his gavel in King's Bench Court, London, the other day and prepared to hear a case, the type of which had never before, to anyone's knowledge, developed in the British Empire. The chief characters in the strange law-suit were an attractive blue-eyed, brown-haired girl and her father, who was suing the daughter's sweetheart for damages arising out of an alleged betrayal. Although the jury returned a verdict of about $250 in favor of the father's claim, the judge will have to decide whether the father had a right to start such a suit, in view of the admission that he was never legally married to the girl's mother.

The odd series of events began two years ago when the girl, Mabel Beetham, of Bedford Park, London, met the boy, Reginald Harry James, of Shepherd's Bush, at the factory where they both worked. According to the girl's testimony they fell in love and decided to spend a night together in Richmond Park. They also spent several nights together in the girl's home. Reginald gave Mabel an engagement ring and they went to the Ealing Register Office to get a marriage license. When the young man produced his birth certificate it turned out that he was not twenty-one and that he would have to get his parents' consent.

They Went to the License Bureau, Where Their Wedding Plans Were Frustrated Because Reginald, Who Was Under Age, Lacked Parental Consent to Marry.

In a few days Mabel received the following letter from Reginald:

"I have had a consultation with my parents and after going into the pros and cons of the situation I have come to the conclusion that we had better part.

"This unfortunate situation has been brought about, there is not the slightest doubt, by opportunities given to us by being left alone after ten o'clock at night by your parents, and I consider that I have been led into a trap. My parents are emphatic that marriage is impossible in the circumstances.

"You are spreading information at the factory which shows that you have neither a sense of shame for yourself nor for me. My parents knew the situation before I summed up the courage to tell them. Everything is finished between us."

In a few weeks the young man's lawyers sent Mabel a letter stating that the engagement was broken off because the Marriage License Bureau required the consent of the boy's parents and that that consent had been refused.

Some months later the girl, expecting a child, required medical care and Edward Beetham, the girl's father, sent the bill to young James. The bill was returned with a letter stating that the incidents which caused such expenses were caused by the "negligence, encouragement, and connivance of the girl's parents."

It was then that Mr. Beetham decided to sue for damages. He testified in court that Mabel was the youngest of his three children and that she contributed each week to the expenses of the household. In February, 1936, she had realized that motherhood was imminent, and a short time later a physical breakdown occurred. She was in bed for several weeks, her share in the maintenance of the household stopped, and the amount for the loss of her services was about $250 which Mr. Beetham claimed from Reginald.

The attorney for the young man then asked Mr. Beetham if he knew that Reginald had been coming to the house nightly for almost a year. Beetham said he did and what's more had trusted and liked the young man and both he and Mrs. Beetham "had always gone to bed with a contented mind." He also stated that his opinion of his daughter had not changed in view of what she had done.

The next witness to take the stand was Mrs. Gertrude Beetham, Mabel's mother, a frail woman who collapsed and fainted after the cross-examination. To the astonishment of the court she admitted that she had not married Beetham in 1903 as her husband had testified. This contradiction in testimony will probably force the judge to consider a new point: the perjury of the witnesses and the possible fine, or imprisonment, or both to be inflicted.

Later during the trial Beetham confessed that he had lied to save his wife's "good" name, but the court is still doubtful whether a father can sue for the loss of services of a child whose parents are not legally married.

The next witness in the trial, which was growing more confusing all the time, was Mabel. Smartly dressed, she spoke firmly as she told the court that after she and Reginald had been friends for about three weeks they began kissing each other and making plans for their future. After he had given her an engagement ring she had believed in him—and had been betrayed.

In reply to Reginald's lawyer's questions, Mabel said that it was Reginald who had made all the advances. The lawyer tried to infer that Mabel had been fond of another young man from whom she had promised to get enough money to be able to finance her wedding with Reginald.

This, Mabel denied. "Reginald and I were in love with each other," she sobbed.

Then Reginald James took the stand, and his testimony only served to add to the confusion of the case. He told the court that he worked for the same company as the girl. They had been thrown together in some work they had been doing and Mabel had asked him, one day, if he cared to take her out. He did so, and went out several times a week with her.

About five or six weeks later, he said, she invited him to her home. He did not know, he said, about the expected child until November, 1935, and offered to marry her immediately.

There was a discussion, he said, about the money he would need to finance a wedding and set up house-keeping. Mabel told him, he testified, that she could get some from a young man who had betrayed her when she was living in Wales.

Then they went to the Marriage License Bureau where they found that Reginald's parents' consent would be necessary. Mabel, according to the young man, asked him to go somewhere else for a license and say that he was over twenty-one. He refused, and decided to tell his father what had been going on. The older man was very angry and thought that his son had been "framed."

Young James was then asked: "Is the court to understand that the only reason why you did not proceed to marry this girl was because your father refused his consent?"

"My father refused his consent and we had many long talks," he replied. "After taking into account several considerations—the matter of the young man in Wales and the matter of her parentage—I decided that it would be much better if I did not marry her."

It was then disclosed that Mabel had known all the time that her parents had never been married and that she had told the fact to the young man.

Just before the case was submitted to the jury the young man's lawyer asked the judge whether, in view of the admission of the girl's father that he was not married to the woman who had passed as his wife, the claim was legal?

The judge then suggested that it might be better to get the verdict of the jury before the court considered that point. The jury was out for about half-an-hour and returned a verdict of 50 pounds damages to the girl's father.

This verdict by no means closes the case; unless, of course, the judge wants to let the whole matter drop. But pressure from the English bar may force him possibly to decide a question which will become a part of the great body of non-statutory law, known as the "common law."

Explorer Who Survived Visit To Ssebelas Jungle Phantoms

THE forbidden territory of the savage and little known Ssebelas Indians who have created a reign of terror and death in the remote jungles of the Upper Amazon River country, in South America, has at length been entered by a white man who has lived to tell about it. The explorer is Captain Eric Erskine Loch, who recently led an expedition into the dangerous region under the auspices of the New York Museum of the American Indian, in an attempt to learn something about the mysterious tribe whose warriors are called jungle "phantoms" by natives, due to their swift disappearance after making raids.

The Ssebelas, also called the "Aulks" or Wild Men, are reported to have a well guarded stronghold on the top of a mountain known as Rayo Urcu. It is very difficult to approach because of the dangerous trail and the superstitious fear which the Ssebelas have inspired. The last white man's expedition to the region was made in 1927 and every member of the party was slain. Since that time, whole villages of peaceful natives have moved further away from the territory to protect themselves from the silent killers who swooped down upon them.

When he arrived in the upper Amazon region after a long and tiresome trip from Ecuador on rafts and in native canoes, Captain Loch had the greatest difficulty in getting native porters to carry baggage and equipment to Rayo Urcu. Many starts were made but the porters deserted before the party had gone far.

"There is no record of any white man ever having penetrated their territory before," Captain Loch said. "We have had no ethnological specimens of this tribe at all and very little information about them. They are reported to be constantly fighting among themselves which isn't a very good sign of their general temper."

On one occasion recently, by promising the native porters a sum of money which in the jungle is considered a fortune, and by permitting them to carry guns, Captain Loch succeeded in climbing the dreaded Rayo Urcu Mountain in spite of the natives' unwillingness to go with him. He found that the top was flat table land and there were signs which convinced him that he was on the right trail to the stronghold of the Ssebelas.

One of the natives found a vine on the path which showed that it had been bitten through by the teeth of a "Wild Man" instead of having been cut by a knife. This evidence of the strong, sharp teeth of the Ssebelas so upset the porters that they would go no further.

Even if they were willing, they pointed out to Captain Loch, he could not possibly force his way into the stronghold. The Ssebelas were supposed to have "watch birds," captive birds with sharp sight which would give warning cries when they saw a stranger approaching. The stronghold itself was thought to have only one entrance over which heavy logs were suspended in such a manner that they could be dropped down on anyone trying to enter.

Faced with unruly porters and the choice of either going forward all alone or returning, Captain Loch gave up his attempt for the time being.

At present he is camping in the nearby mountains, waiting for the rainy season to end, after which he intends to make another try.

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Funny Climax Of The Missing Bride Mystery

HOWARD MILLER, of Harrisburg, Pa., several weeks ago sat impatiently in a train that was speeding him toward his bride-to-be. He was all spruced up, and so nervous and excited that he couldn't even read the papers, but just kept looking at his watch, and in his pockets for the ring. The hours passed slowly, and often as the train thundered on he would tenderly bring out the last letter from his fiancee.

It was an affectionate letter, and it called him "dumpling," which quaint as it may sound, is very satisfying to a lonely man when it comes from a beautiful 19-year-old girl with dimples and a ravishing smile. Miller once more looked over the photographs which he carried near his heart, and there was no doubt about it, she certainly was a prize.

This wonderful affair started through a love-lorn column of one of those romance magazines that bring lonesome and congenial readers into correspondence and eventually into each other's arms. It was just by chance that Miller happened to pick up the magazine one day, and again it was by chance that he happened to notice the appealing advertisement that seemed to be directed just at him. Nothing less than fate seemed to have brought them together—it was proof, if proof were needed, that the laws of Cupid can control the laws of chance.

But part of Miller's nervousness as he sat in the train was not due to the pardonable uneasiness of a prospective bridegroom. There had been a snag in the wedding plans; in fact, that was why he was speeding to Kansas City, Mo., where the girl of his choice was living. Everything had been arranged for her to come to Harrisburg to marry him—he had even sent her $50 for the trousseau in addition to the fare to his city. After all, one can't expect to get such an attractive girl without some kind of expense.

The money part of it was all right. But then the girl wrote him—and this is what Miller couldn't figure out—that something had happened which she couldn't explain, and that they would have to postpone the wedding. That which is not known has ever been a paradise for fears, and so Miller was assailed by a thousand doubts. Perhaps, he conjectured, her family was opposing the marriage.

It sounded just like the sweet girl, who had mentioned in letters her soft and dependent nature. It might even be that she was very sick and didn't want to upset him with the bad news. But some foolish of her it would be

"Hi, Dumpling." Was the Grinning Prisoner's Greeting to the Now Disillusioned Bridegroom Whom He Had Swindled. "You Mugg!" Miller Shouted Angrily.

not to tell him, and how like a woman. Thoroughly alarmed, Miller took the next train for Kansas City, determined to share her trouble, whatever it was.

So, in the train, keeping time with the rumble of the rushing wheels, Miller's thoughts kept revolving about what had happened and what he might find. Well, it would probably be nothing serious, and together they would laugh at his fears. He straightened his necktie and tried to calm himself.

But things only became worse. When Miller arrived at Kansas City, he could not locate his intended bride. The landlady at the address he knew through his correspondence said that the young lady he was looking for had never lived there. He showed her the photograph, but it did no good. Everything was just like a nightmare. What had happened to his letters if the girl was unknown?

Possibly, thought Miller, the girl was living with her parents and had the letters sent to this address to hide her affair from them. The landlady admitted that an outsider might have been able to pick up letters from the ledge in the entrance-way, where the mailman usually left letters to names not given on the mail boxes. But she said that was unlikely; and the post office refused to give out the information.

Completely mystified but made desperate by the thought that perhaps the girl's father was keeping her a prisoner, Miller went to the authorities to ask for help. Yes, they said, she was a prisoner all right, only "she" was a 55-year-old man smoking cigars in his prison cell. And "her" jail-keeper was not an angry father but the law. Down toppled Miller's dream castles over his ears; he was a strong man, but suddenly he felt weak.

Then he felt indignation surge through him. It couldn't be true, he told the police. As proof that it was true, Thomas J. Higgins, chief of detectives, showed him letters exactly like the ones he received, and in the same handwriting. They were loving notes addressed to men in all parts of the country. Miller, still doubtful, showed a picture of his girl.

"I'll show you another picture of her," said Higgins, and produced from the Bertillon files a picture of a man Thomas Harvey, wearing prison numbers. It was he who had lived at the address to which Miller wrote his affectionate notes. The girl's picture was a fake, picked up in some photographer's shop.

"But," protested Miller, "I paid $50 for her trousseau."

"Sure," said Higgins, "he always gets a pretty good wad for his trousseau."

"I sent her money to come to Harrisburg," continued Miller.

"They all do," said Higgins, sympathetically.

Just to satisfy himself altogether, Miller asked to be taken to his "fiancee's" cell. His request was granted, and at last the "lovers" faced each other, through the bars.

"Hi, dumpling!" said the Cinderella man.

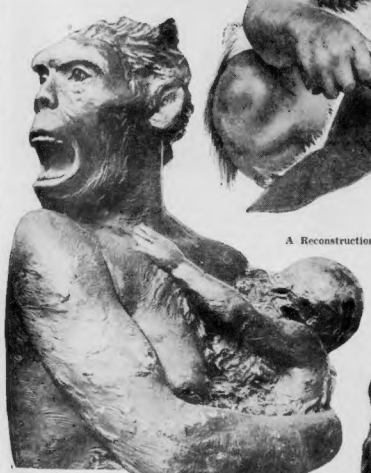
It was the final insult, and was Miller's face red!

"To think that I told that sour-looking mugg I loved him and wanted to marry him," he said. He went back home, a wifeless but wiser man.

Hunting For a Frozen Cave-Man

Many Mysteries of Humanity's Past Solved If Russia's Expedition to Siberian Marshes, Which Haven't Thawed Out for 30,000 Years, Digs Up the Refrigerated Ancestors It Hopes to Find

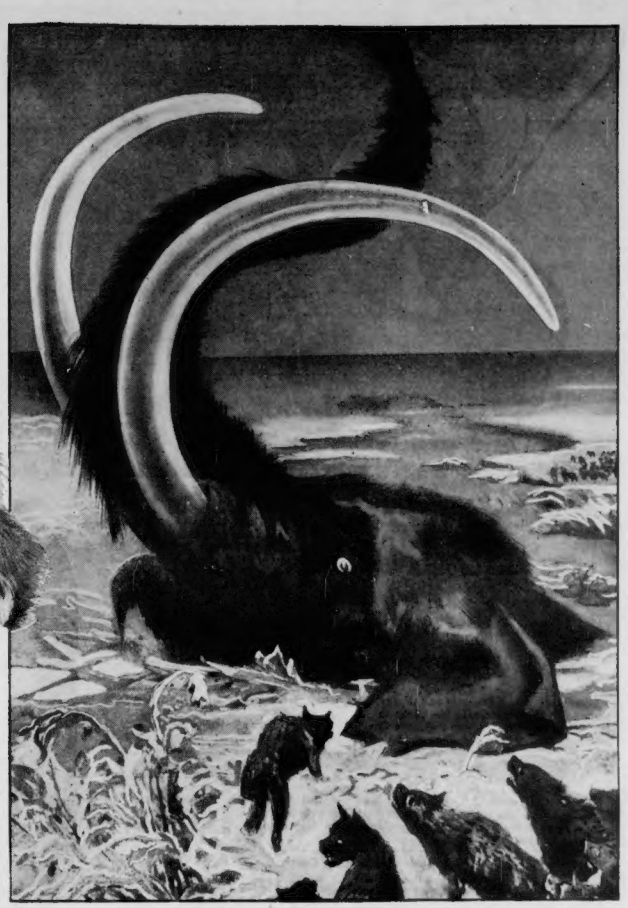
A Reconstruction of a Cave-Woman of the Brutish Type Science Calls the Neanderthal—But No One Knows Certainly Whether She Looked Like This.



Even More Brutish Than the Neanderthals Was the Race Which Preceded Them (as the Scientific Reconstruction of One of Its Women Shows), and It Is Not Impossible That Specimens Have Been Preserved Like the Mammoth in the Age-Long Frozen Tundras.

A Reconstruction of the Cro-Magnon Cave-Man of 20,000 Years Ago Who Had a Bigger Head Than Modern Man, but Whether Better Brains Could Soon Be Determined If an Ice-Preserved One Could Be Found.

A Crustacean Hatched From a 20,000-Year-Old Frozen Egg Dug Up by the Russians' Last Siberian Expedition.
(Picture by Soyphoto.)



The Engulfing of a Mammoth in a Freezing Siberian Marsh Thousands of Years Ago as the Glacial Age Crept South. Whole Frozen Carcasses of These Extinct Elephants Have Been Dug Up, Their Flesh Refrigerated and Still Edible.

MOSCOW, April 5.

TO FIND a perfectly-preserved cave-man, even to the color of his eyes and skin as well as the clothes he wore, on a certain fatal day some 20,000 years ago, is the hope of a Russian scientific expedition, led by Professor P. N. Kaptereff, of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, to "Nature's Ice-box," an area of eternal frost far up in the Siberian Arctic Circle.

Such a find would be the greatest prehistoric discovery of all time, and there are many reasons for believing that perhaps whole families of stone-age people are up there in cold storage, waiting to be unlocked from their frozen tomb. For centuries natives in the vicinity of Yakutsk and the banks of the Lena and Salenga rivers, have mined for fossil, mammoth ivory, during the short summers. This dreary tundra was once a luxuriant forest and happy home of the mammoth. Only a few feet below the surface the explorer's pick rebounds from a hard-frozen earth that has never thawed since the last ice age.

Nobody knows yet how deep that stratum of eternal frost goes before it is stopped by the internal heat of the earth. But out of that monster refrigerator have been excavated more than one mammoth with every hair intact, its flesh still fresh enough to eat and, in its stomach, still undigested the contents of its last meal. It is known that prehistoric man followed on the heels of the mammoth herds, much as the North American Indians hung around the buffalo herds.

Some sudden catastrophe put an end forever to that favorite grazing ground of the great beasts, ushering in the ice age. They were not only buried in snow and ice but were to be kept buried for thousands of years until many feet of frozen earth, from dust deposits, made it a permanent tomb.

Whatever exterminated the great elephants, in all probability did the same for the human beings who were in all likelihood there to hunt them. The hunters may have found their way back to their caves or other shelter where they could perhaps survive as long as their supply of wood lasted. The chill that then settled down for 30,000 to 40,000 years should have preserved their bodies as perfectly as those of mammoths.

Kaptereff has been there twice before, bringing back seeds and spores that have lain dormant all these thousands of years since the last ice age. He thawed them out in distilled water and got some of them to develop into plants and fungi. Also there was a flowering plant like a black orchid which got broken and could not be revived.

His greatest triumph was hatching out one tiny egg which grew up to be a small crustacean, not far different from some in existence today. This is not surprising, because the horseshoe crab, the first human being saw on the seashore, and the opossum, which looked down at him from the trees, haven't changed a bit since.

The finding of one cave-man with his ancient flesh still on his bones will answer many fascinating questions about the human race. Did he have the Asiatic's yellow skin and straight hair, the Negro's black skin and kinky hair or does he seem to have been a white man? Today science can only guess at whether the scientific equivalent of Adam would resemble a Negro, a Chinaman or a Swede.

To the South of this ice-box lies the great Gobi Desert which also was once a happy hunting ground for paleolithic man and believed by many authorities to have been the place where humanity evolved from the ape stock, the scientific equivalent of the Biblical Garden of Eden, not so very far away. Many types of man have spread into Europe presumably from this cradle of the race, and if a man is found up in that ice-box it is not at all certain what type he will be.

The Peking Man is believed to have flourished at least 100,000 years ago, the Neanderthal Man, 60,000, and the Cro-Magnon still more recently. But any of these races may have been in that Northern hunter's paradise earlier than their bones indicate that they lived in the places where they have been found: just as the fact that no bones of white men are found in America at an earlier period than 1492 does not mean that they had not been going strong in Europe for many thousands of years.

The most interesting part of the frozen cave-man would be his brain. Science would then be able to study it under a microscope instead of, as heretofore, merely looking at the empty bone box that once held it. If the man proves to be the hulking ape-like Neanderthal Man, brain specialists, measuring exactly the amount of gray matter, can estimate how much intelligence he had and about how many grades in school he could have passed before coming to the end of his mental rope.

Should it happen to be the Cro-Magnon type, his brain should solve the greatest riddle and tragedy of pre-history, which is why he disappeared. Prehistorians agree that the Cro-Magnon, having a huge brain, was more intelligent than the races he found already in the world and for that reason he easily displaced them. That reasoning is unanswerable except for the fact that the Cro-Magnons were in turn displaced by another but small-skulled set of people and the modern civilized white man has a much smaller brain capacity. Nobody has ever given a convincing explanation of why Nature suddenly reversed herself on the importance of brains.

How could this magnificent savage, in an age that could not read or write and with presumably no more to think about than a modern Eskimo, use what seems to have been the most powerful thinking organ that ever existed? Perhaps in spite of its size the Cro-Magnon brain may not have been much of a thinking organ. Dissection of his brain may show that it had no more gray matter than the Neanderthal brain, and perhaps the extra space was devoted to some special sense, not impossibly a huge nervous battery for sending and receiving telepathic waves by which they communicated with each other.

There is some evidence that the Cro-Magnons were believers in communication at a distance. Their splendid paintings and carvings of animals made in the remote darkness of caves and then stabbed with spears, indicated the faith that they could induce the animals to come to them and be killed.

Though the freezing of man, or any large sized, warm-blooded animal, kills beyond hope of resuscitation, this will not apply to some of the microbes within the frozen cave-man's body. These may be thawed out, incubated and identified, if they are the same as those which affect the race today. It is already known that prehistoric man suffered from bad teeth and rheumatism, but did he also have cancer, tuberculosis of the lungs, kidney and heart trouble, smallpox, mumps, measles and scarlet fever? If several families of frozen cave people are chopped out of the frozen soil, all these questions and no end of others may be answered.

Even if the scientists could bring the cave-man and his contemporary animals out of their frozen sleep they might not be much stranger than the modern local natives and some of the local animals. In September the long Arctic Winter begins and all life vanishes as if by magic. The monster Lena frogs burrow into the swamp and freeze up with it. A fifteen-pound harmless white snake creeps under the sod and freezes so hard that it looks as if made of glass, and, like glass, it shatters if dropped on a hard surface when in this condition. Yet left undisturbed it will come to life the next June, after almost nine months' hibernation, and start hunting the frogs.

The strangest stories of all are told about the Yakut bear, a fairly large-sized brute that has been domesticated by the natives. Horses, mules and even dogs are not favored in that territory because, though they are hardly used at all except during the short Summer, they must be fed all through the Winter.

The bear, on the other hand, is willing to sleep and eat nothing all Winter but, in case of emergency, he can be persuaded to wake up and put in a day's work. In the Summer, besides acting as draft animal with about the power of an ox, the bear serves as a watch dog, investigating anyone who crosses his master's land. In the Winter he is "dead to the world" and won't get up, unless bribed with a dish of warm honey and vodka.

Most animals are trained by a combination of rewards and punishments but the Yakut bear is said to be captured and controlled mostly through his almost unbelievable inquisitiveness. When a Yakut native thinks he needs the services of a Yakut bear he goes out in the brush and plays a fiddle, bangs on a dishpan or makes some other noise until the first bear to hear it comes to investigate. The man, keeping up the noise, then walks home and the bear usually follows.

This is not always enough. The bear's interest in the noise may weaken, making it necessary to revive his curiosity by smoking a pipe or flashing a mirror at him. According to the natives, the trick that dumbfounds one of these bears more than any other is for a man to take off his clothes, dance naked in front of the animal a moment, and then put on his clothes again. The natives say that the bear thinks the man has torn off his fur and replaced it miraculously.

Scientists doubt that any animal is intelligent enough to have any such notion, but there seems little doubt that a Yakut bear is largely controlled by curiosity. When the bear has been harnessed to the sled or cart, no reins, goad or words are needed. The owner simply lights a pipe or carries his hat on the end of a tall pole and walks to the wood pile, knowing that the bear will follow. When the sled is loaded he does another trick and walks home with the wondering bear at his heels.

On Kaptereff's first expedition to this vicinity two of its members were camped beside a stream when a large female Yakut bear intruded on them. The startled men sat still, relieved to see that the beast was interested only in their small fire, at which she sniffed and growled. Then, plunging into the stream, she came back, rolled on the fire, putting it out, and departed. Putting out fires is not a Yakut bear habit and where this one learned it nobody knows.

Prof. M. Rosen, some time ago reported coming upon a settlement of Yakuts and Buriats, consisting of twenty log cabins on the Ob River. It seemed to be a village of the dead because no foot had trod the snow of its streets. Everybody was asleep, huddled in one large cabin. Awakened by the visitors, one of the men explained: "We are taking our usual Winter sleep."

Further conversation revealed that at the first cold weather it was the custom of every inhabitant of the village to pile into that one large room and sleep there until warm weather. It was not a deep, comatose sleep like that of ether but a sort of twilight sleep, from which they were easily roused to a state of semi-consciousness, in which one of them would get up and put wood into the stove, like a somnambulist, without remembering it.

Every few days they would take tea and every few weeks eat a little honey. The secret of the hibernation lay in some bread cakes, eaten at the start of the long sleep. These are composed of the same kind of herbs as the Yakut bear was observed to eat before his hibernation.

It is said that the adults lose from 15 to 50 pounds weight during a Winter about eight months long.

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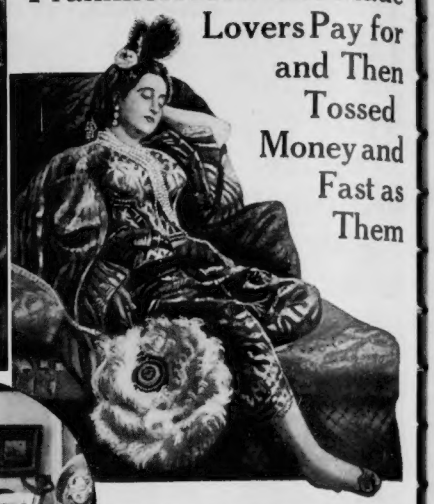
Unblushing Confessions of a Famous

Mme. Otero, Former Queen, Reveals With Frankness How She Made Lovers Pay for and Then Tossed Money and Fast as Them

"La Belle Otero," From Sketch by the Well-Known French Caricaturist "Sem."

The Legend Is That Emperor Karl IV Discovered the Healing Waters of the Springs Which Henceforth Became Known as Karlsbad and Have Ever Since Attracted Many People of All Stations in Life. Here It Was That Crooked Gamblers Made Use of Otero as a Lure to Rob Rich and Reckless Visitors.



The Unfortunate Empress Eugenie in Fancy Dress and Wearing Some of the Pearls Which One of Otero's Rich Admirers Presented to the Dancer.

"La Belle Otero" in Pensive Mood at Her Piano.

WITH a frankness hardly to be matched anywhere, Madame Caroline Otero, footlight favorite of a generation ago, has told the story of her extraordinary life—as a stage star and a calculating adventuress.

But if La Belle Otero beguiled rich men and sold her charms to them for jewels and money, Fate pursued the pretty Spanish dancer and stripped her of the profits of her adventures.

"Ever since my childhood," says Otero, "I have been accustomed to see the face of every man who passed me light with desire. Many women will be disgusted to hear that I have taken this as homage. Is it so despicable to be the flower whose perfume people long to inhale, the fruit they long to taste?"

La Belle Otero followed that policy of life and she now finds herself forlorn and alone. Gone are her jewels and her sweethearts.

Four suicides Mme. Otero lists of men who killed themselves on her account, but how many homes she broke up, how many lovers were driven to financial ruin to win her smiles, she does not catalog. Otero's memoirs printed on these pages preach their own moral lesson.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gipsy mother. Sent away to school from my wretched, unhappy home, I escaped and ran off with a boy sweetheart, Pacco. Though a mere child, I got an engagement to sing and dance in a small cafe at a salary of two pesetas (about forty cents) a night—and Pacco put the money in his pocket. Leaving my boy sweetheart, I found a better engagement in Lisbon at 1,000 pesetas a month. As I stood gazing wistfully into a jeweler's window one day, the richest banker in Lisbon chatted with me, took me inside, loaded me with jewels and set me up in an apartment, having made me give up my engagement at the theatre.

Surfeited with this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage, I left my rich banker friend and reunited with Pacco in Barcelona where I gained a new stage triumph. I was kidnaped from the theatre and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard but his parents separated us and I was left in the hands of Count Alfredo—devoted admirer but, alas, not rich.

Foolishly I married a handsome baritone singer, a decayed Italian count who gambled away all I had saved and then disappeared. But I recouped the fortunes of myself, my maid and my dog by triumphal engagements in Paris and New York.

CHAPTER IV.

By CAROLINE OTERO.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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THE day came when my Spanish troupe and I found ourselves once more in Paris, possessed of quite a tidy sum of money, and ready for fresh engagements. The guitarists returned to the little furnished apartments they had lived in before our American venture. I and my maid booked rooms at the Hotel Terminus for the moment.

My first care was to see if the money I had sent straight from America to a Paris bank had arrived safely. The days were over when I packed large sums in a trunk; I was learning wisdom. At the Hoffman House Bank, which was on the premises now occupied by the Lafayette Galleries, I was informed that quite a considerable sum was lodged to my credit. I had 700,000 francs to my name, and could not help thinking, with much complacency, of the days, not long ago, in the Rue du Helder, when I had not enough to buy a dinner.

Gradually, I got in touch again with Paris life and found my old crowd of joyous companions. They advised me not to go on living in hotels, so I rented a queer little flat at 14 Rue de Castellane, at the end of a courtyard. Flat? That was almost too big a name for the kind of studio arrangement, that mainly consisted of one large room. It was not a very cheerful spot, and I soon grew sick of it. I was rather disorientated, so to speak, and at a loose end, at this sudden entire change of all my habits; also it bored me a little to be out of work so long.

One day, without consulting anyone, I made tracks for Monte Carlo, armed with my check book.

I put up at the Hotel de Paris, and saw again, with some emotion, the little boarding-house where Guglielmo, my husband, and I had lived. I thought of the money I had won in so incredible a way, and had every confidence in my luck now. A feverish expectation filled me when I entered the Casino. The few days I was there alone, completely dominated by a new absorbing passion, gave me my real initiation into it, and I soon knew the violent alternations of disappointment and exultation that make the charm of games of chance.

"What is the greatest pleasure in the world?" a gambler was once asked.

"To win at play," he answered.

"And the next greatest?" he was asked again.

"To lose."

I admit that my share of these two pleasures was chiefly confined to the second of them. My poor American dollars did not last long in the roulette-room or at trente-et-quarante. Every scrap of my fortune smashed against this fatal rock.

When I had got down nearly to my last coin, I imagined that my luck would now repeat itself and recoup me for my losses. Alas! These things do not happen twice. When I took the train back to Paris, I had just enough to pay for my ticket and to live for a few days.

So I was again in Paris, without a penny! Basta!

What was the good of worrying? Something would turn up. I would wait and see.

My beautiful seven hundred thousand francs! What had I done with them? Flung them away.

But if I was as penniless as when I first arrived in Paris, I had at least more trumps in my hand. Success in Paris, success in America, numbers of friends. There were plenty of visiting-cards in my tiny flat in the Rue de Castellane: there were letters—mostly containing protestations of love. And flowers—flowers everywhere. What a marvelous park one could have filled with all the bright and delicate petals that were given me! And how many illusions, how many dreams, have, like them, faded away in my careless hands.

But the want of money could not depress me long in those days. I was rich in hope, if poor in coin, and I could always find distraction with my merry friends. The old group had not quite reassembled; there were gaps here and there; but we were always in high spirits, and in the Paris of that day, more "elegant" than now, full of a subtler atmosphere, it was easy to give oneself up to enjoying life.

But it was all very well to be seen about and to have one's name in the papers. Before everything else, just now, I needed an engagement.

Then came the night, when I was dining at the Cafe Anglais with the Vicomte de Chenedolle. He was a real grand seigneur, and I was enjoying his witty talk, when, just as the obsequious maitre d'hotel served us with some delicious pommes de terre Otero, a waiter approached and handed me a visiting card on a salver. The Vicomte put out his hand to take it, but I intercepted him and took it myself.

Two names were on it: Baron and Dorn. I had never heard of either of them, and asked the waiter if he knew who they were. He waved towards a far off corner of the room where sat two individuals, both with their gaze eagerly fixed on me. I met their eyes, and they made exuberant gestures as if to say "Yes, it is we, it is we, we are Baron and Dorn."

They were the queerest contrast. One was enormous, very tall and stout, with a regular "Punch" silhouette; the other tiny, short, and round like a ball. Their one link was that each was a distinctively German type. I smiled as I looked at them, and, thus encouraged, they called the maitre d'hotel and told him to explain to me that they were the managers of the Wintergarten in Berlin and wished to discuss an engagement with me. I fixed a meeting for next day at three o'clock at my own place.

Next day, there they were, with an interpreter. They tried nevertheless to speak French themselves and gesticulated vehemently in their efforts to explain that they had been searching Europe to find la Belle Otero of the Cirque d'Ete, and had finally been told that she had left for America, and no one had been able to give them her address. They were overjoyed to have come across me accidentally in this way.

They were almost too affable, not to say obsequious, and I'm afraid they irritated me, these Germans with their impossible accent. I could not quite keep my irritation out of my voice, but they were determined not to notice it. The more curt and snappish I grew, the more desperate grew their politeness.

Perhaps at last I overdid it. At any rate, Baron and Dorn did seem a little cooler. I had been too capricious and exacting, and in spite of all their determination, they lost heart and stopped their importunities.

I felt I had behaved foolishly, but so much the worse for me. When, amiable to the end, they had gone, I was disgusted with myself. Not only was I dying to be at work again, but I knew well that my unfortunate troupe of guitarists and mandolinists were almost at the end of their little savings.

The telephone rang at that moment. It was Evariste, my dancing partner. He had heard of the appointment for that morning. "What news?" he asked eagerly. I had to tell him that nothing had been arranged, and I could hear the flat disappointment in his voice as he replied. When he suggested that he himself should go to interview an impresario, I could only consent. I felt that I was letting everybody down.

Next day, Evariste arrived triumphant. He brought me an offer from a Hamburg manager to appear at his circus there for five thousand francs a month, my troupe to be paid extra. A circus? A circus! Well, what of it? The Cirque d'Ete was nothing but a circus! Still, I pondered.

Evariste looked at me anxiously. I felt the thing was serious for him, and all the troupe were probably waiting breathlessly to hear my answer. I allowed all this to influence me.

"I consent," I said, "on the condition that our fares are paid in advance."

"No, you pay the fares," replied the impresario, when Evariste told him I had accepted. "You shall be repaid at the other end."

This was difficult, but I accepted and we left for Hamburg.

I can still see my arrival with my picturesque Spanish troupe, not one of us knowing a word of German, and all amazed at finding there was nobody to meet us. We made the best of things, however, and hailed cabs to take us to the Circus, with all our belongings. Then—a knock-down blow, indeed! What should we find but that our fine impresario had been arrested and deported, and worse still, not a soul had even been told that we were expected or had known of our engagement. The real manager was ungallant enough to declare that he had never heard of us.

Here was a comic opera situation. My row of bizarre-looking guitarists; our enormous baskets bursting with theatrical properties of every description, and the hopeless disillusion on the face of every one of us. Ah-h-h, the impresario! It was fortunate for him that there was a safe distance between him and us.

I was so appalled, knowing the responsibility for all the party to be on my poor shoulders, that I openly broke down and wept aloud. That didn't last long. I pulled myself together. Sobs and tears were not going to pull us out of such a hole as this.

My maid Betty, a very well-trained young person whom I had taken on just before leaving Paris, contemplated us all with a somewhat ironical air and even seemed a little amused at our position. However, she suddenly announced that she knew German. This was not surprising, since she turned out to be a German—fortunately, for it gave us a shade more confidence to have an interpreter among us. After turning over the whole situation in our minds, we decided that it would be waste of time to stay in Hamburg

"Gold-Digger"

Stage Astonishing Her Rich Her Favors Foolishly Away Her Jewels as She Acquired

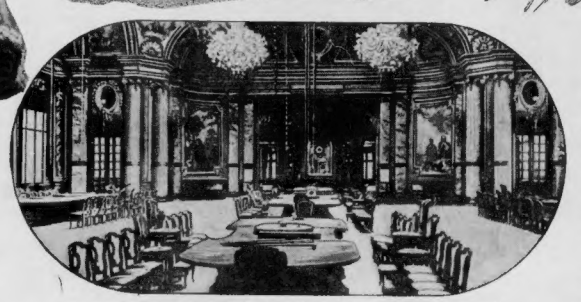
"I took care to take off one of my glorious solitaire earrings and to hide it in my corsage.

"A few minutes later, the Baron burst in, much distressed, knowing he would probably find me there. He did indeed find me, and some pretty furious recriminations too. He apologized again and again, and at last we made it up. Then suddenly I cried:

"'My earring! My beautiful earring! With all this bother, I've lost it!'

"The earring was searched for in every corner of the restaurant. Of course, the Baron had to promise me another; it was the very least that he could do."

Otero in One of Her Dancing Skirts.



The Roulette Salon in the Monte Carlo Gambling Casino Where Otero Lost Every Penny She Had.

There was only one thing to be done; we must all go straight on to Berlin.

Here again, then, behold us, melancholy actors in a farce, arriving in Berlin with nothing to do and nowhere in particular to go, cloakrooming our heavy luggage, and meandering by sheer chance into the Friedrichstrasse, where, depressed and bewildered, we loitered about like people who wait at street-corners hoping some miracle will happen. What should I hear but a cry of pleasure from two passers by:

"Ah, Fraulein Otero!"

And there, of all people, were my two obsequious Germans of the Cafe Anglais—Baron and Dorn!

They really were delighted to see me; little did they guess how mutual was the pleasure, on this occasion.

"Fraulein Otero, come with us! Come with us—please! please!"

They all but removed me by force, and in we all went to the Wintergarten Theatre.

"What in the world are you doing in Berlin, Fraulein?" they not unnaturally exclaimed.

It is always better to be envied than pitied. So much I knew.

"Oh, we've just come to have a look at Berlin," I answered, with superb indifference. "A very good engagement has come to an end, and I thought I would treat my troupe to this little trip."

Both had their eyes upon me.

"How far will she carry this bluff?" I could hear them saying inwardly.

"And yet you would not perform for us, Fraulein Otero? That was not kind of you."

I knew how desperate my situation really was, with all this crowd dependent on me. All the same, I went on bluffing, and received the suggestion of an engagement with the most detached air I could manage.

"You are determined not to work for us?"

I continued to give myself airs, but when at last Dorn made me a "firm offer," which Baron backed up, I suddenly gave in, accepted, and signed a contract on the spot. Three days afterwards, seven thousand people in the immense Wintergarten were shouting their applause after my songs and dances, and covering the stage with bouquets.

Decidedly, the comic opera had ended rather more happily than it had begun.

Amongst the crowd of my admirers, I believed I could already decide on the winner. He was certainly not beautiful, and I admitted he would take some swallowing. They say that women have neither taste nor distaste—so much the better for them, in certain cases. With his protruding lips and crooked teeth, and a nose more hooked than any hooked nose has ever been, he was decidedly not seductive. He had fine eyes, but all the rest, ugh! Only his money could compensate for his appearance.

Baron Ollstreder was soon in a condition of bliss. You should have seen his face when I allowed him to see me home. He was puffed up like a turkeycock and swelled with complacency.

To celebrate the first day of our intimacy, the Baron gave me two glorious solitaire diamond earrings. I must tell you a little anecdote in connection with these earrings. One night, he took me to "Pagliacci" at the Opera House. In the long interval, without meaning any harm, he went to pay his respects to a society woman who happened to be in the lounge. The fair Otero had no idea at all of permitting this defection. So I sailed out of the Opera House like an outraged goddess and went straight to Hiller's, the restaurant where I had supper every night. But before arriving there I took care to take off one of my earrings and to hide it in my corsage.

A few minutes later, the Baron burst in, much distressed, knowing he would probably find me there. He did indeed find me, and some pretty furious recriminations, too. He apologized again and again, and at last we made it up. Then suddenly I cried:

"My earring! My beautiful earring! With all this bother, I've lost it!"

The earring was searched for, in the opera box, in every corner of the restaurant. Of course, the Baron had to promise me another; it was the very least that he could do.

The Baron Ollstreder was very thoughtful, very kind, but how poorly he was equipped for fascinating women—the more affectionate he grew, the less he pleased me. What a pity. With all his money, and his generosity, if he could only have been a little more to one's taste.

I lunched and dined with him every day. Nearly every day, too, he invited his friends and entertained them royally. He had a certain little cabinet in his study that held five hundred boxes of cigars. These were the joy of these gentry. It was a real wonder, this cabinet, with its shelves and shelves of beautifully arranged boxes, and the damp sponge that makes the right atmosphere for keeping the cigars in good condition.

The friends dipped into it without compunction, but that did not in the least keep them from making fun of their patron and his little devices and foibles. For one thing, he had a mania for singing, and imagined himself a wonderful tenor. His greatest delight was to sing the duet in "Romeo and Juliet" with me. Though I knew most of the popular songs of Spain, the vibrant and expressive malaguenas, I have only studied singing at Marseilles and am far below grand opera standard. The Baron made me take singing lessons on purpose to be able to sing Juliet to his Romeo. The Veronese adolescent, impersonated by the Baron, was a sight to see.

Very soon the wealthy Baron had a suggestion—we must leave our hotel for the house the Baron had taken for us. It was a fine house, not far from his own.

There was not a day that he did not bring me some fresh jewelry: brooches, rings, necklaces. When I laid them at night upon my dressing table, it was like a jeweler's showcase. When it comes to doing things on this scale, you can hardly call a man ugly any more.

It is perfectly true that no one is a prophet in his own country. When I was in Paris, I begged for an introduction to Marchand, manager of the Folies-Bergere. Now that I was in Berlin and had made a hit there, what did Marchand do but come all the way from Paris to offer me an engagement? I signed on for ten consecutive seasons at the Folies-Bergere. I began at five thousand francs a month, rising to thirty-five thousand in the succeeding years.

I did mighty well to listen to Baron and Dorn; but I could hardly guess at that time that the shortest cut from my flat on the Rue de Castellane, Paris, to the Folies-Bergere was via Berlin.

One day, at the Baron Ollstreder's home, I had found thirty-six pearls in a little casket. It amused me to thread them and put them on, and then to show the Baron how admirably they suited me. He fully agreed on that point, but hardly seemed to enjoy saying the rest, which was that he set great value by these pearls; they were his share of those forming his mother's necklace, which had been equally divided between his brother, his sister and himself. When he saw that I showed no alacrity in taking off my new parure, he told me plainly that he would lend them to me, but I must give them back to him.

Don't count on that, my poor Baron! I said to myself. Your mother's pearls will not go back to her son's casket. Goodness knows where they will finish up.

As a matter of fact, being at Monte Carlo some years later, and having lost heavily, I sold them to a jeweler at Nice, who gave me a hundred thousand francs for them. The hundred thousand francs at once went the way of all the others, across the green cloth.

The Wintergarten engagement was over at last and I signed on for Vienna for the next months. In the meantime we planned to go with the Baron to Monte Carlo.

I had not been half an hour in Monte Carlo before off I went to the Casino. When the Baron told me that there was no time before dinner for play, I answered that he could either wait for me or join me there, just as he liked.

At the Hotel de Paris, where we were staying, we had a really sumptuous suite of rooms. But the servants annoyed me with their obsequious "Monsieur le Baron" here—"Madame la Comtesse" there—they hadn't quite settled on the titles. I hated all this fussing. When all the staff began laying on with the trowel their Madame la Comtesse and Madame la Baronne, I suddenly turned on them one day and cried:

"For heaven's sake, let me be, with your Baronesses and Comtesses. I'm no Comtesse. I am a paid cabotine (actress)."

The creatures stood blankly before me, without a word to say.

I was not in a sweet temper, for I had that day indeed dropped a lot. It was the first time I had seen the Baron at all put out. Up till then, he would simply say, "You've lost again, my poor child? How much do you want?" and hand me bundles of banknotes, which I would take as though they were waste paper.

But this time, the Baron seemed to have lost not only his money, but also his indifference to it. He seemed to shrink into his armchair, quite overcome.

"My dear Nina," he said, "this simply can't go on. I shall be ruined."

My maid was doing my hair at the time. I appeared not to have even heard his words. A few moments afterwards I said, carelessly:

"Are you going back to Berlin tonight, my dear?"

The dumbfounded Baron declared that he had no intention whatever of leaving.

"Well, if you come to the Casino with me, you'll have to finance me," I coolly replied, "I have no money left."

He accepted the ultimatum, and complied with it.

After dinner one day we came in from the Casino completely bankrupt. It was Saturday, so that the Baron could not send for funds to Berlin. He was reduced to waiting until Tuesday before being able to go near the tables again. He explained this to me, and asked me if I knew anyone who would advance him fifty thousand marks or

(Continued on Page 27)

Again NORGE Home Appliances Lead!

NEW ROLLATOR REFRIGERATORS WITH *Flexible* INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS

Nine different *flexible* interior arrangements — instantly changed —give custom-designed usability. Tall bottles, bulky roasts, large dishes and containers, all fit easily into the new Norge without crowding out other important foods.

Be sure to see the new Norge Low-Temp Rollator Refrigerator, too. Its lower temperatures and higher humidity keep foods *Prime Fresh* 2 to 5 times longer. Current cost is no greater than for ordinary electric refrigeration.

Norge Rollator Refrigeration again sets the pace with new usability, new performance, new convenience features and an even further improved Rollator Compressor.

NEW CONCENTRATOR RANGES *Personalized*

TO FIT YOUR KITCHEN AND FIT YOUR PURSE

From a wide choice of models, colors and equipment, Norge offers you exactly the range you have always wished for. New, improved oven controls and top burners make the new Concentrator ranges even more efficient—even more economical.

Many years of experience in building fine cooking equipment are behind the advanced convenience features Norge engineers have developed for these new ranges. You'll be an even better cook if you prepare your meals on a Norge Concentrator Range.

NEW AUTOBUILT WASHERS AND DUOTROL IRONERS

FOR QUICKER LAUNDERING AT GREATER SAVINGS

If you haven't seen the new Norge Autobuilt Washers and Duotrol Ironers, you have a new thrill coming. And you'll save time—your clothes—and real dollars and cents in actual laundry costs through the fast, gentle help these perfect mechanical servants give you.

The new Autobuilt Washer has a Pressure-Indicator Wringer—helps make clothes last longer by allowing accurate setting of wringer pressure for each particular type of fabric. Ask your dealer to explain.

NEW HOME HEATING EQUIPMENT

CUTS HEATING COSTS

The Norge Fine-Air Conditioning Furnace is able to deliver up to twice the amount of heat that old-fashioned heating plants do from the same amount of fuel. It is a *complete* winter air-conditioning system with accurately controlled humidity. In summer, the system may be used to remove the discomfort from oppressive heat; or complete Norge cooling equipment may be added.

10-YEAR WARRANTY

Three of the nine new FLEXIBLE interior arrangements. 1—Movable insert shelf in lower position. 2—Movable insert shelf removed, makes space for many tall bottles. 3—Movable insert shelf in top position, accessory shelf in lower position.

THE ROLLATOR* COMPRESSION UNIT . . . *exclusive Norge cold-making mechanism, has but three slowly moving parts. It employs smooth, easy,* rolling *power instead of hurried back-and-forth action. Result—more cold for the current used and a mechanism that is almost everlasting.*

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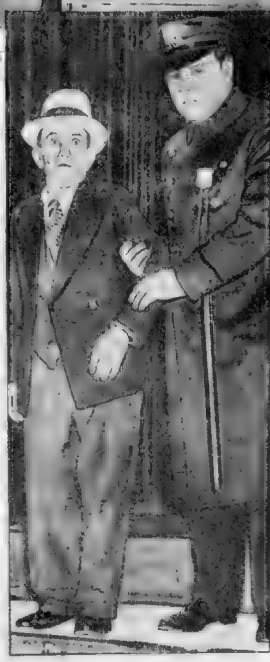
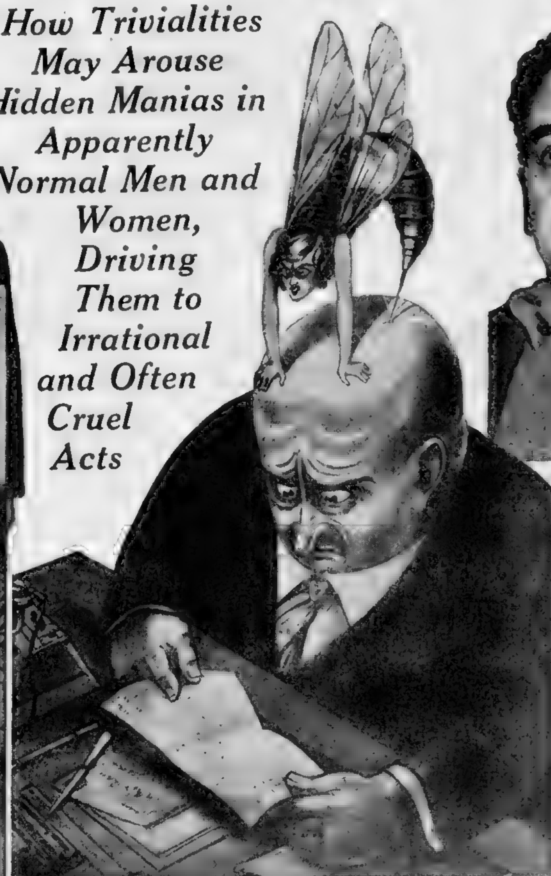
Things That Touch Off the Crazy Streak in People

Prof. Laird Explains How Trivialities May Arouse Hidden Manias in Apparently Normal Men and Women, Driving Them to Irrational and Often Cruel Acts

[illegible] Poverty-Stricken [illegible] Hitherto Sane Sand- [illegible] in Lost Bonds [illegible] in the Gutter.



But a Few Days Later, His Crazy Streak Touched Off by His Unexpected Good Luck, Frank Is Carted Off, Ranting and Raving, to a Hospital Psychopathic Ward



"The Evil Thought." A Striking Cartoon by the German Artist, Grod, Symbolizing an Insane Impulse Aroused by a Sentence in a Letter and Picturing It as a Half-Human Wasp Stinging and Poisoning the Reader's Mind—a Curiously Accurate Symbolization of a Scientific Fact

Nicholas Tucci, Who Was Accused of Setting Fire to His House After Listening to a Radio Broadcast on Fire Prevention, and Was Quoted as Saying He Did It Because What He Heard About [illegible]

One Notable English Case of This "Brain Explosion" Was That of Corporal Arthur C. Mortimer, Who Was Suddenly Possessed by an Irrational Impulse to Run Down in His Automobile Girls Riding on Bicycles—and Killed One and Injured Several Before He Was Caught. The Photograph Is of Miss Phyllis Oakes, the Girl He Killed.

[illegible] LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D., [illegible] University Psychology [illegible] Hamilton, N. Y.

T[illegible] has a little [illegible] away in his [illegible] flare up [illegible] to do [illegible] downright [illegible]

[illegible] for instance Mr. [illegible] comfortably in his [illegible] York City listening [illegible] the program [illegible] the Fire [illegible] possible [illegible] destroy property [illegible] possessed with [illegible] the rattle of [illegible] of terrified [illegible] having [illegible] them on [illegible] he is [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] a murderous notion [illegible] right spark to [illegible]

[illegible] of slight [illegible] misfortunes, [illegible] friends or husband [illegible] to be more than [illegible] and with the [illegible] up. In most [illegible] using great [illegible] feelings or [illegible] may come [illegible] which seems insignificant [illegible] and fan the [illegible] flame.

[illegible] ever were in- [illegible] Frank Grigoris, [illegible] signman who [illegible] a large sum of ne- [illegible] the street in New [illegible] strict The honest [illegible] turned the bonds to [illegible] received a cash re- [illegible] newspaper publicity.

In his instance the good luck touched [illegible] embers and he lost complete control of his reason in a few days [illegible] psychiatrists at famed [illegible] attributed his complete [illegible] strange streak of [illegible] of hardships [illegible] raved in the [illegible] too good for me. [illegible] who looks at me! [illegible] with cats—a cat rolls [illegible] so I. I raise my [illegible] a cat. I am God'"

[illegible] is apparently sudden [illegible] which are touched off [illegible] which other people do [illegible] which the raving person [illegible] to tell about him- [illegible]

[illegible] on an elevated train [illegible] thrown into a panic [illegible] for example, when [illegible] a curve 150 feet above the street. An [illegible] youth suddenly [illegible] from his seat and brandished a long knife-blade which he had opened by pressure on a button concealed in the handle.

"I can't stand it any longer," he screamed. "I'll bet five to one there'll be a corpse on the floor before we reach the next station."

He lunged right and left with his wicked knife, slashing furiously at the terrified passengers. Before he was quelled he had inflicted serious wounds on two men and two women. This unfortunate youth had been drinking, and it is possible that the alcohol had touched off his smouldering mental troubles. Alcohol often acts that way, by releasing the self-control which the person had been exercising for years to keep his insane impulses under control.

Religion acts upon some people as alcohol does upon others. At the large mental hospital at Brentwood, Long Island, Dr. James A. Brussel has studied several patients whose breakdowns were precipitated by the strange religious cult and emotionalism of the curious Father Divine who says he is God.

One of Dr. Brussel's cases was a woman twice married and 41 years old, who was employed as a maid after having spent two years in close association with the strange cult in Sayville. The two years with the cult had touched her off so that she "frequently would fall to the floor, roll her eyes, and thrash about as though she were in the throes of some uncontrollable frenzy. Following [illegible] be dazed and bewildered. These episodes culminated with her striking one of her employer's children, and subsequently being found in the neighboring woods, wandering aimlessly around."

Another was a man, 38 years old, who suddenly deserted his family to join the cult, and after four weeks it had affected him so that the police found him crawling along the tracks of the elevated railway, singing and chanting songs. He fought like a tiger when they tried to take him from the tracks. When taken to the Manhattan State Hospital he shouted, screamed, and spat on everyone within reach.

Of these and similar cases, Dr. Brussel comments that in the cult life "they discover the stimulation and symbolic encouragement that is the exact requisite for the release of the fire of a psychotic syndrome which has been smouldering within them, and which, [illegible]

[illegible] early [illegible] stages.

[illegible]

The first patient [illegible] the New Hampshire State Hospital where [illegible] a victim of this [illegible] what Dr. George [illegible] the hospital [illegible]

[illegible] the asylum was [illegible] the next day a very [illegible] brought to [illegible] lowed a [illegible] Advent [illegible] tended. [illegible] own preaching and was Jesus Christ himself. Would preach to his family for hours. His wife [illegible] in the neighbors as she [illegible] safe with him and then he became jealous of her. He was brought to the hospital with irons on his hands and wrists. Soon after his arrival at the asylum he said that the buildings were his and that he was God Almighty Himself. He took a small looking-glass and dashed it in pieces and said, when asked why he broke the glass: 'To show you that I am the Great I Am, and I have the power.'"

Overwork is very rarely a cause of touching off the spark, contrary to widespread general beliefs. But sudden stopping of work, as on reaching retiring age, is perilous. A short time ago Maurice Nast, former salesman, was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to walk around the narrow roof ledge of a high New York hotel. Firemen, police, and various other people used all sorts of arguments before he was finally persuaded to come in from [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the harness-maker [illegible] was sitting near [illegible] reading a paper [illegible] agreed that whoever set the [illegible] between the President and Roscoe Conkling would be rewarded [illegible]

[illegible] his slightly [illegible] that chance remark was interpreted as [illegible] that if he [illegible] the President he would get the ambassadorship he craved. And with cunning [illegible] he put the insane idea thus [illegible] with fatal results.

There are thousands of persons who are [illegible] fighting against some "crazy impulses," some of these impulses are merely ridiculous, others serious. I know one famous editor who, when first learning to drive an automobile, had an impish impulse to step on the gas and steer straight for an aged or crippled person on the crossing ahead of his car. I have a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] them. Most of them [illegible] through life without [illegible] something which [illegible] into violent flame. [illegible] concealing their traits from everyone they should consult a physician or psychologist and get assistance which will [illegible] restore them to their [illegible] happy selves before they are touched off by some apparently insignificant thing.

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Pathetically Childish in her Dental Beliefs

Follow modern dental practice...Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"...Lessen the risk of becoming a "Dental Cripple"... Change to IPANA and MASSAGE Today

Thousands of second children—even youngsters in the primary grades—are better informed than their parents about the proper care of teeth and gums. A surprising statement? Not at all. A modern one—and one that is *costly, if untrue.*

For, thanks to the splendid work of our modern teachers, youngsters in classrooms all over the country are being drilled daily in the *importance of massage* to sound teeth and healthy gums.

The lesson is simple, reasonable, practical! Briefly, these are the facts—

Our modern menus are of little help to our gums. Robbed of exercise and work by today's soft and creamy foods, naturally gums grow lazy, flabby, sensitive. And [illegible] to prevent the first dental warning—that tender tinge of pink.

Never neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* He may tell you he's called for trouble. But usually his verdict will be: gums that need more work and stimulation—and so many dentists advise—"gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is definitely helpful to the health of your gums as well as the brightness of your teeth. Simply massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—helps bring them a new firmness. They tend to grow stronger, more resistant.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today—your dentist's able assistant in the home care of the mouth—and schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine. Let Ipana and massage help you to safeguard your teeth, your gums—and your smile.

MODERN FOODS—soft foods require little chewing—rob gums of needed exercise. Gums become flabby, tender. Put a tooth brush to [illegible]

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" [illegible] part of your daily [illegible]

IPANA AND MASSAGE is based on the soundest principles of dental science. It helps keep gums firm and healthy—makes them less susceptible to trouble.

LOVELY TEETH—in healthy gums make a favorable impression. Make sure you're going to be proud of. Start guarding against pink tooth brush today—with Ipana and massage.

IPANA *tooth paste*

Oil Heiress Marian Snowden's 3rd Strike at Matrimony?

Snubbed at Newport, She Ran Away With a Prince, Was Sued for the Money He Borrowed to Woo Her, Gave Sportsman Reed a Three-Months' "Honeymoon Test," and Is Now Expected to Follow Sister Janet, Who Discarded Her Noble Husband for a Serious Business Man

Shortly Before Leaving for Reno and Still in a Gay Mood Despite Her Domestic Woes Marian Enjoys the Company of Bradley Sherman Dresser, Twenty-Two-Year-Old Stepson of the Late Colonel H. H. Rogers Who Also Made His Money in Oil—But Is She Planning to Make Him Her Third Husband?

Marian With Her [illegible] Husband, Prince Girolamo Rospigliosi, in the [illegible] Before His Creditors Attached Her [illegible] That $72,000 "Wooing" Debt.

Marian With Her Second Husband, Louis F. Reed, Jr., Before the Realization That She Had Made Another Mistake Brought a "Grim Look Into Her Lustrous Eyes."

Janet Snowden, Who Set Marian an Example by Chucking Aside Nobility for a Commoner.

Sister Janet With Her Prince, the Noble Francesco Caravita, Who Only Lasted Five Days.

H[illegible]

[illegible] insisted on marrying an American, the divorced Mrs. Frederick H. Farnhurst, formerly Maisie [illegible] of Washington, D. C. [illegible] was [illegible] that if the [illegible] was negligible the debts were impressive.

Mrs. Davidson heard of this and also a mean story that the young Prince had been taken over by his creditors just the way a bank takes over and runs a business [illegible]. When [illegible] they [illegible] to have [illegible] him [illegible].

Anyway, Marian's mother [illegible] opposed the match. Twice the girl ran away to marry the prince and twice the elopers were caught and the would-be bride dragged back in tears before the fatal words could be said. Mrs. Davidson started to take her daughters away from this noble menace, but Marian threatened to jump from the hotel window rather than leave Rome.

While Mama was considering her daughter's [illegible] strike, the elopers made a third attempt and this succeeded. While the frantic mother had the police of the Eternal City watching every church they were being secretly married by moonlight at midnight in the [illegible] chapel of the [illegible] palace [illegible] of what had once been a proud palace of the family.

They sailed for America before her mother could get to them and it was said that Mrs. Davidson was moving heaven and earth, at least the church and the government, to have the marriage annulled on the grounds that Marian was under age, had failed to get the consent of her mother and the bank that controlled her trust fund and had neglected to give twenty-one days notice of her intention to marry. It was also stated that Mrs. Davidson tried to get the State Department and immigration authorities to refuse the Prince admittance to this country so he would be held at Ellis Island until she could get to New York and take charge of her wayward daughter.

One cause for all this excitement was understood to be that creditors of the Prince were preparing to file $[illegible] claims against the Snowden estate on the grounds that Marian had become an Italian subject and under Italian law a husband controls the wife's fortune.

The Prince was not stopped at Ellis Island however and his lawyers announced that he was no fortune hunter and did not have debts [illegible]. Meanwhile it was said that Mrs. Davidson carried her appeal [illegible] to various powers, including a New York trust company, a chancery court which had declared her Marian's legal guardian, the Bishop of Milan, the Vatican Cardinal [illegible] and the State of Rhode Island, which was hers and Marian's legal residence.

Marian won every round, but it was a terrific fight keeping the newlyweds so busy that they had little time to get acquainted. [illegible] despair than Marian began to have doubts. The Prince himself may not have been a fortune hunter but some of his creditors seem to have been quite [illegible] Italian [illegible] Prince and Princess on eighteen notes which he said represented $72,000 advanced the Prince for that "wooing fund."

Of course titles are supposed to be paid for, but it did not seem very romantic to get a bill for her own wooing and besides she didn't know how much of it had been wasted on Barbara Hutton. The couple fled to Bermuda where amid the lilies, onions and little red-skinned potatoes she met the man who was destined to be her next husband, Louis Reed, Jr., son of a New Jersey lawyer. In Bermuda, where automobiles are not allowed, about the most ignoble offense imaginable is to [illegible] a horse. When the Prince was fined $20 for that, Marian returned to New York and not long afterwards [illegible] Louis Reed. According to some reports the third is supposed to be a [illegible] and after her next step they say the proper title for her matrimonial career will be [illegible] because they are not around the house and their wives [illegible] so much.

But Marian has been seen quite a bit lately in the company of Bradley Sherman Dresser, twenty-two-year-old stepson of the late Col. H. H. Rogers, whose millions also came from oil, and it's been rumored she has him in mind as her third. When she was asked about that, the [illegible] Snowden [illegible] "I [illegible] a very sweet boy and a very old friend."

Marian considers herself [illegible] conservative about her second divorce. On leaving for Reno with its six week de-

[illegible] reports of reconciliation but a few days ago Marian started for Reno [illegible] Park Avenue [illegible] really has her third in mind and they point out that before she divorced the Prince she had apparently decided [illegible]

[illegible]

When Janet [illegible] Davidson [illegible] that she would probably try to spoil everything as she had with her sister's [illegible]

Yet after just four days of honeymoon [illegible] unhappy wife. Then she married Mr. [illegible] other advantages.

When you compare my rugs with the others
You'll see the difference!
The Armstrong Quaker Girl
YOU don't have to be an expert to pick Armstrong's Quaker Rugs from all the rest. They identify themselves by their sheer beauty—beauty created by exclusive Armstrong methods—beauty that only Quaker Rugs can offer.
And Armstrong's Quaker Rugs have other important advantages that you can't see. They are made from good thick felt, printed in rich oil colors, surface-sealed against spotting and staining. All the care they need is a daily dusting, and an occasional touching up with Armstrong's Linogloss Wax (needs no polishing).
Only Armstrong's Quaker Rugs can give you this perfect combination of beauty and service. See them at your local merchant's. He'll quote you exact prices . . . they're pleasingly low! Armstrong Cork Products Company, Floor Division, 3704 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
EXTRA-LARGE SIZES—ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE ARMSTRONG FEATURE! Quaker Rugs are made in sizes up to 11¼ x 12 and 11¼ x 15 feet. If you wish to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2-, 3-, and 4-yard widths.
EXCLUSIVE Shaded Tile Effect, No. 4625. Different shades of the same color are blended by the exclusive Armstrong Mellow-Tone method, to give this remarkable re-semblance to real tile! This is another bit of beauty that only Armstrong's Quaker Rugs can bring you. Below, left to right, Quaker Rug patterns Nos. 4834, 4615, 4520.
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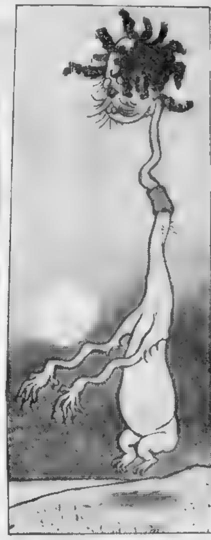
Cross-Breeding for Animals Nature Forgot to Make

Curious and Sometimes Grotesque Blends of Creatures Which Science Is Shaking Together Like a Cocktail to Make New Ones Combining the Best Features of Each

Nature Tries Her Hand Now and Then in Producing Extraordinary-Looking Animals Like This Calf With a Dog's Face.

The Famous English Artist Sime's Fantastic Conception of the "Iopos," or Animated Eye, Bred From the Spider. Science Could Never Produce Such a Creature, but Some of Those It Has Produced Are Little Less Fantastic Looking.



The "Pst" Which Sime Invented to Frighten Night-Yowling Cats Away.

Cross Between a Domestic Pig and the Hardy Wild Boar, a Russian Experiment. The Curly Tail of the Pig Is Replaced by a Long Bushy One, There's a Crop of Coarse Bristles, and the Head Is More Boar-like Than Piggy and Looks Like Neither.

Pa Turkey and Ma Hen, Parents of the "Turkhen."

The "Turkhen," Child of Pa Turkey and Ma Hen, Combining the Best Features of Turkey and Chicken, and Little Less Grotesque Appearing Than Mr. Sime's Conceptions.

THE farmer nowadays seems to be con[illegible] need of Government aid and one reason for that is because he has to spend so much time and [illegible] and caring for his animals [illegible] so they will be [illegible] summer. But [illegible] to produce [illegible] that Nature [illegible] and it may be that through [illegible] of cross-breeding [illegible] and the Government [illegible] relieved of this [illegible]

That [illegible] by crossing the [illegible] sheep and the pig [illegible] farm animals [illegible] most [illegible] trick of [illegible] each November [illegible] creatures could [illegible] long trance, [illegible] water nor any [illegible] the following [illegible]

[illegible] preposterous, [illegible] as [illegible] some of [illegible] who was [illegible] artist [illegible] world [illegible] that [illegible] as a jungle, [illegible] as the illustrator of Lord [illegible] stories and he was [illegible] to create grotesque [illegible] thought Nature [illegible] if the notion had [illegible]

Among [illegible] are the two shown [illegible] of this page. First [illegible] or animated eye [illegible] the Iopos [illegible] that he had [illegible] But he [illegible] feet [illegible] taught [illegible]

[illegible] Nature had [illegible] is an animated [illegible] would be useful in the [illegible] away predatory [illegible] drive away cat [illegible] He [illegible] "the Pst." Then he decided one of the greatest deficiencies in the animal [illegible] was a hardy brute that would be at home both on the desert and [illegible]

As [illegible] as Sime's imaginary [illegible] are hardly any more [illegible] a real creature which was [illegible] produced through cross-breeding. This funny-looking bird [illegible] page, has the fine [illegible] the turkey gobbler [illegible] tender flesh of its [illegible] hen. The breeder also [illegible] that it will outlay any other domestic fowl, producing two hundred or more fine, big eggs each year.

Another recent experiment is the cross between a domestic pig and a wild boar. The purpose was to give piggy the hardiness of the wild parent but in addition the curly tail was replaced by a long straight one, the bristles are coarser and the head is more boar-like.

But Nature herself is a bold experimenter, and sometimes it seems she tries to prove just how far she can go in turning out what appears to be impossible combinations. An example of this is another queer animal shown on this page. Although no breath of scandal has been directed at its Jersey cow mother, it seems to be half calf and half dog—with the face and forelegs of a bulldog and the ribs and hind quarters of a calf. It also has the canine characteristic of whining and wagging its tail.

Perhaps even more interesting is what the domestic animals of the future may be expected to accept as food. The horse has been humorously called a "hay-burner" and consumes so much of it that the fuel is rather expensive—to say nothing of an occasional bucket of oats as a side dish. Now if the horse were only a wood burner he would be able to run 24 hours on an old fence post or peck of sawdust. There is now every indication that the horse of the future will do just that.

Dr. L. L. Madsen, of Cornell University's Animal Nutrition Laboratory, has already gotten that well-known grass-cutter, the sheep, to thrive on cellulose (which is nothing but wood fibre), mixed with a little casein from cow's milk and a sprinkling of mineral salts flavored with a little lard, sugar and starch. No fallacy is so widely believed as the one that natural food and conditions are the best for every creature. The back-to-nature zealots looked gloomily at these experiments on synthetic [illegible] and prophesied that though [illegible] the sheep might survive and even propagate, such unnatural food would cause all sorts of new ailments.

When the first of these sheep that had never nipped a blade of grass were slaughtered and examined, none of the expected new diseases were seen. Instead, what might be called an unnatural condition of good health was found because they lacked the usual set of parasites that were vainly waiting for them in the grass of the meadows. In Dr. Madsen's opinion their fleece was as good, if not better, quality than the grass-fed animals. If the sheep can thrive on tastily-prepared wood pulp why not other vegetarians, such as the horse and cow?

From the sheep to the human being is a longer step but not necessarily an impossible one. Even a goat, though able to eat paper without indigestion cannot live on it. But paper is not meant to be eaten at present and it is entirely possible that this also can be brought about in the future.

To a later generation it may be a common sight to [illegible] his newspaper [illegible] to prevent [illegible] books and library volumes from being stolen and devoured, they will need to be printed on non-edible paper with a warning notice on them like that on bottles of alcohol. With this [illegible] for damage suits against publishers using inedible paper without a sufficiently legible warning.

There may be even more problems than that. It was reported that the Cornell sheep, having been brought up on doctored wood, in various forms showed a tendency to eat excelsior, which only such creatures as termites can digest. This might make laws necessary [illegible] of wood products [illegible] them in a way that even the dumb animals would understand. This could be done by saturating them with some chemical that has a revolting taste to prevent misguided horses and cows from committing suicide. By that time the old boarding-house wheeze that "sawdust is fine board," would no longer have any point.

Until recently Luther Burbank and his successors in turning out fruits and berries to order, had one great advantage over those trying to make similar improvements in the animal kingdom. As soon as they got a tree to bearing fruit that satisfied them and not at all what Nature had in mind they were able to propagate that tree, without the use of its seed. This saved them no end of trouble because it had the effect of making that one tree reproduce its perfection as might not happen from its seed.

If [illegible] under the planter's thumb and play hereditary tricks on him. He fools her by throwing the seed away and planting cuttings from the original perfect tree or its [illegible] thus short-circuiting the hereditary machinery which is all in the seed.

Until just now animal improvers have not been able to get around the equivalent of seed propagation and therefore have had to suffer under sad practical jokes such as happen constantly in the human race. If a minister could have a son by cutting off one of his own toes and planting it in the ground he might be sure of a young man as respectable as himself instead of the possibility of a worthless drunkard to shame him. [illegible] there would be no risk of a college professor having his life saddened by moronic children and the hard-working business man would [illegible] the danger of a good-for-nothing playboy to inherit and ruin his business.

But the other day animal breeders [illegible] glimpsed a possible way out of [illegible] American [illegible] it was reported [illegible] shows in an animal [illegible] high in complexity results of sexless reproduction similar to those first carried out many years ago on some lowly sea creatures by the late Professor Jacques Loeb and others.

If this rabbit experiment can be extended successfully to other animal species, it will be possible to preserve desired characteristics of any individual female animal, like a cow or ewe, for as many generations as the breeder may desire, without going through the ordinary mating process likely to mix up or destroy some of these desired characteristics. This could place the animal breeder almost on the same basis as the plant-improver.

Strangely enough, the job of making sheep eat wood fibre was accomplished more quickly and easily than persuading the [illegible] traffic is a pest [illegible] its owner.

The thing gets [illegible]

Such a race of [illegible] sheep actually exists in Siberia from which country four ewes and [illegible] were brought to the United States [illegible] by Dr. N. E. Hansen of the South Dakota College. These Asiatic sheep, however, [illegible] not please American sheep growers. For one thing the Siberian animals has [illegible] fat [illegible] lumps [illegible] sheep [illegible] United [illegible] like these lumps on sheep to be used for mutton.

Accordingly when Professor James W. W[illegible] of South Dakota College started [illegible] the fatty [illegible] other was to change the wool so that the [illegible] fibers would be [illegible] in the sheep's coat while the [illegible] Family [illegible] has produced a new cross-breed sheep which is tail-less, has no fatty lumps to disturb the butchers and [illegible]

In addition he has produced what is [illegible] that the sheep have [illegible] This is a great advantage in cold countries because [illegible] whiskers [illegible] sheep are so [illegible] the flock and [illegible] While Professor W[illegible] was persuading Nature to shave the sheep at one end [illegible] of the tail and fatty [illegible] altogether at the other [illegible] woolen [illegible] higher to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] bred oxen are [illegible] excellent workers in [illegible]

Another advantage of this cross-breed [illegible] advantage to the animal in avoiding infestation with tropical ticks.

Another interesting series of experiments going on in Arctic Russia is [illegible] the caribou [illegible] as well as to [illegible] mosses and other Arctic foods.

Mere breeding of new animals not invented by Nature is nothing new. One example is the mule. Managers of zoos already are familiar with the Tigon, a cross-breed of lion and tiger. Several years ago practical use was contemplated in the United States of the Cataio, a cross-breed of ordinary cattle with the American buffalo. Most of the ordinary breeds of dogs, cats, horses and other domestic animals, if not all of them, are believed to have been developed during ages of domestication by breeding and selection.

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How much car do yo

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You give this agile car [a] valve-in-head straight-[eight] swiftness with a sudden [to] touch the big hydraulics [and] gentleness of a child fall[ing] sleep.

How much car do you [want]? Drive a B[uick] where among Buick's t[wo]-two new [m]odels will find glorious answer[s].

do you need?

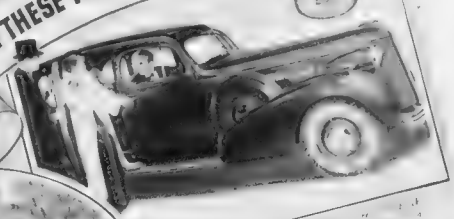
ND SEE!

...best curve an ev...ed wing, the longest run a ...ative exercise.

...give this agile car ...and that great oil-cushioned ...-in-head straight-e...gine swoops you to blurring ...ess with a sudden ...ike your breath away. Toe- ...the big hydraulic ...ou stroke down slow with the ...ness of a child fal...ing.

...much car do you ...Drive a Buick and see! Some- ...e among Buick's ...two new models your question ...nd glorious answe...

22 STUNNING MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM IN THESE FOUR SERIES FOR 1937



HERE'S EIGHTEEN FEET

THE NAME IS ROADMASTER—

LEADING CITIZEN—

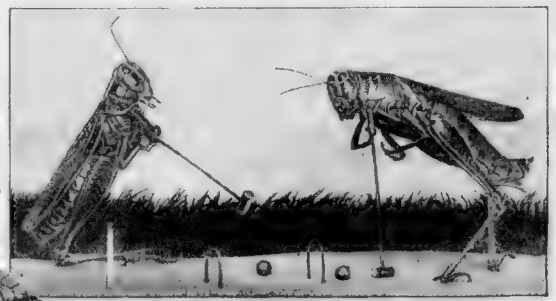
VERY SPECIAL NEWS INDEED

"It's Buick again!"

Chloroforming Grasshoppers His Hobby

Amusing Pictures by a Dentist Who Puts the Long-Legged Pests to Sleep While He Makes Photographs of Them in Human Occupations

This Drowsy Bug Is Playing the Role of Astronomer With the Help of a Telescope Made of Straw and Mounted on Three Tiny Plant Stems.



Another of the Sleeping Insects in a Pose Which the Dentist Calls "The Spirit of WPA." The Body of the Wheelbarrow Is an Acorn Top and the Wheel Is a Pearl Button.

A Spirited Game of Croquet Between Two Grasshoppers That Are Sound Asleep. A Few Minutes After This Picture Was Snapped They Woke Up.

MOST of the time when he isn't busy working on the teeth of Minnesota citizens Dr. Lehman Wendell spends his leisure hours chloroforming grasshoppers and photographing them.

The Minnesota dentist is not a scientist who kills and dissects the long-legged pests to find out what makes them click. Neither is he a perverted fiend who pulls the wings off them. He merely is an amateur photographer who discovers that grasshoppers are perfect models for pictures which are unusual and amusing. Dr. Wendell says they are a little cheaper than most of the humans he has photographed, and in the matter of temperament they are snappier. Nature, he says, endows them with a sense of humor.

When Dr. Wendell began taking pictures of his pet grasshoppers he was faced with the problem of how to keep them still long enough for him to focus his camera on them. Some of the subjects refused to pose, but because they were quicky dead, they refused to animate after they were dead.

So, knowing a great deal about the use of anesthetics, the doctor began experimenting with chloroform. After a few trials he found just the right amount to give a grasshopper to make it go to sleep long enough for him to pose the pest against a background and with various bits of stage "props" which he fashioned out of such materials as straw, grass, twigs, acorn tops and pieces of cloth and cardboard.

Every tableau is lighted in the best Hollywood manner with small floodlights focused on the set from two angles.

Some of the grasshoppers the doctor finds time to capture himself by driving beyond the city limits and doing a little spirited bug work. But most of the time he has to rely on catch-as-catch-can photographs he receives and buys them from boys who have more leisure than he has and can cover the ground much faster.

The bugs live the life of Riley while they are in the little laboratory waiting their turn to perform for the doctor's camera—a long-bellows instrument which can be focussed at close range. And even when they are taken out of their boxes and drugged they feel no pain. Perhaps they are surprised when they come out of the effects of the chloroform to find themselves holding onto a miniature croquet mallet, clutching the handles of a wheelbarrow, or peering through the small end of a telescope. But they offer no objection to the amusing indignities to which their boss subjects them and awake slowly after their unconscious antics under the bright lights.

From time to time the doctor changes performers and lets some of his subjects go into the fields as a reward for their co-operation, but he usually has enough of the funny-looking actors on hand for his interesting experiments in home photography.

The Minnesota dentist has a talent for devising "props" for his pictures and he has learned by experience that anyone who goes in for a hobby like his must have a feeling for stagecraft. He found, for example, that the small size of his manikins makes it necessary for him to devise substitutes for such things as grass trees, telescopes and almost everything else he uses for his settings. Instead of real grass he uses fine moss, and sturdy oaks are fashioned of fragile rosebush twigs less than a quarter of an inch in diameter.

The tableau of a grasshopper with a wheelbarrow—which Dr. Wendell sarcastically labeled "The Spirit of WPA"—called for some clever work on the part of the amateur photographer. For a time he was stumped on how to make the one-wheeled vehicle but he eventually solved the problem by fashioning the handles of thin pieces of straw, the body of an acorn top and the wheel of a pearl button. The "grass" is a small chunk of fine moss and the leaves are tiny pieces of which the doctor prepares a supply from his own garden.

One of the best studies of the chloroformed performers is the picture showing an insect astronomer apparently peering at the heavens through a telescope. Making the realistic looking spy glass was a job that called for some fine work. After experimenting with many different substances, the facile dentist found what he was looking for in three pieces of straw of different sizes. He fitted one piece into another to make a three-section instrument for star-gazing and used three flower stems only about an inch long for the tripod. He hung a black cloth behind the hopper and his instrument and, when he developed the negative, scratched in some little spots that in the finished print, look very much like stars.

A Pair of Dr. Wendell's Collection of Grasshoppers Engaged in a Game of Checkers. The Table Is a Toadstool, the Board Is a Piece of Drafting Paper and the Men on the Board Are Sections of a Rosebush Twig.

Being something of a checker player himself, Dr. Wendell was moved to show a couple of his perverted models engaged in that pastime. After he labored in his little home laboratory trying to secure props which would help in the proper positioning, he finally succeeded. As the picture shows, he used the [illegible] for the checkerboard and the [illegible] which the doctor prepared in his own garden. [illegible] of a rosebush twig to make the little legs.

When he had the stage [illegible] he applied the chloroform to a couple of his best performers and, when they were under the influence of the anesthetic put their legs and bodies in the positions shown in the picture at the left.

One of the most amusing and human of the grasshopper pictures shows two of the hungry nuisances absorbed in a game of croquet. The handles of the mallets are bits of straw and the heads are small sections of a rosebush twig. A favorite pastime with the man who gets such remarkable "shots" of his insect models is to watch the bugs when they awake after being put to sleep. He says they are very much surprised to find themselves in such compromising positions.

Dr. Wendell has [illegible] through the Middle West and has had many other insect models [illegible] but none of them, he says, has the comic possibilities of the despised grasshopper.

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The SHELVADOR

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CROSLEY SHELVADOR

Leashes For Two

by Frank Leon Smith

In Which a Policeman Inadvertently Plays the Part of Cupid. Complete in This Issue.

"Oh, now, officer," said Ruth Sweetly, "you wouldn't arrest us just when we have become engaged to be married. Would you?"

ONE Winter's morn, our miserable hero rose with a roomful of unhappy people, all wearing the same kind of sickly smile, which concealed sneer, hope and fear, greeted His Honor, the Magistrate of Yorkville Court, and sat down at the gavel bang which announced that court was open.

The morning dragged on. As names were called, people got up and went to the bench to learn what the City of New York was going to do to them for their naughtiness, and our hero twisted and squirmed and perspired, and wondered what he would do if he lost his job, and what his sister and her husband would say if they knew where he was, and why.

Our hero, Selkirk Brice, was a young blond fellow, loudly and expensively dressed, for he was a young comic artist. He owned among other things, a dog, a major worry, and a corner of a family row. The major worry had to do with the newspaper syndicate for which he worked. His contract was coming up for renewal, the first of the year, and it was a so-and-so to so shot that it wouldn't be renewed, because, his boss said, his stuff lacked freshness and vitality. Newspapers running Selkirk's strip, the boss said, were cancelling. It was time, the boss said, to introduce something new. Or else. Or else with that terrific silence of a feature which was in the papers yesterday, but isn't there today, and won't be tomorrow, or again, Selkirk's strip would vanish.

As to the family row—it had caused Selkirk to leave the ancestral mansion in which he was born and remove to a studio apartment in East Fifty-fourth Street. The dog, Petey, which he had acquired, as man's best friend, and as a model for a new character in his comic series, had started the family row, and Selkirk, who was no great shakes as a draftsman, had found he couldn't draw Petey, and now Petey had gotten him into court.

Yesterday, Petey, so guileless he didn't know a cop from a friend, had frisked against a cop, leaving some old last season's hair on the cop's new blue trousers. One of those periodic New York drives was on, and heaven help the luckless pooch abroad without leash and muzzle. At the moment, Petey had neither, and as the cop put a foot on a doorstep and was writing out the ticket on his knee, he exclaimed, "What? Dog operating on the public highway without a license? What's your name and address?"

Selkirk told him. The cop stared. "Don't any of the tenants in that building obey the law? This is the second summons I've given today to a dog owner at that address!" Selkirk explained he had just moved in and knew nobody in the house. The cop said, "Here's your ducat. See that you show up at Yorkville Court, tomorrow morning at ten!"

So Selkirk bought a license for Petey, and now we find him awaiting his turn, and his and Petey's fate. Toward noon, thirty alleged crap shooters were dismissed in a body, with the warning to go and shoot no more. They trooped down the center aisle, relieved, and in their relief, putting their hats on. "Hats off in the court!" bellowed a bailiff, and then, "Miss Ruth Trowbridge! Mister Selking Brice!"

Hat in hand, Selkirk faced His Honor, and by his side he found a beautiful and trembling brunet young lady, with the hot flush of court-room embarrassment on her face. As the judge and the clerk exchanged legal confidences, Selkirk studied his companion in distress, and his heart misfired three times and then developed a piston slap as he realized that if he searched the wide world over he could not have found a girl who so completely filled his outlines of what a girl—of what the girl—should be. He wondered what she had been pinched for and decided he didn't care.

The clerk rattled off, "Permitting-dog-run-at-large-public-highway-without-leash-or-muzzle."

"Anything to say?" asked the judge not looking up from some writing.

The girl said something in a lovely, low voice. "Louder!" said the clerk. "The muzzle was on," said the girl, "and I had the leash in my hand and I was just going to——"

"One dollar. Pay at the window," said the judge.

"Selking Brice," said the clerk.

"I had the leash in my hand—" Selkirk began.

"Ha. And your dog is unlicensed!"

"I bought a license yesterday. Here it is, Your Honor."

"One dollar. Pay at the window. Next case."

Again the girl and Selkirk stood side by side. She was fumbling in her bag and she was in dismay. "My purse is gone! I had it when I came in!"

"Some pickpocket probably snitched it, right in this room," said our hero sympathetically. "Never can tell about the kind of people——"

"Quiet in the court!"

"If you will permit me," said Selkirk, and shoved two dollars through the fines window.

He walked out with Miss Ruth Trowbridge, so happy he forgot himself and put his hat on.

"Hats off in the court!"

Selkirk wanted to turn and thumb his nose at the bailiff, but thought better of it. "That was awfully kind of you," said Miss Trowbridge, gratefully, as they stepped out into the sun and the gorgeous air of freedom. "I don't know when I have been so embarrassed. It was terrible!"

"Aw, that's all right."

"Why, my dog wouldn't bite anybody."

"Neither would mine."

"What kind of a dog is your dog?"

Selkirk sighed. He took her arm, a very nice arm, to guide her through traffic. "I thought him for a German Shepherd. A police dog, a thoroughbred. I also thought he was a puppy. I find he is an elderly midget, masquerading as an infant."

Miss Trowbridge laughed. "Why, what do you mean?"

Selkirk explained. A few days before Petey had developed a slight mal-de-city, and in apprehension, Selkirk had taken him to the Bide-a-Wee, and left him for diagnosis, a metabolism test, etc. The following day a kindly vet broke the sad news. Petey was now in good health and of sound constitution again. But Petey, instead of being a puppy, to whom all things may be taught, was at least three years old, and for his duration, couldn't be expected to learn anything new except things pertaining to food, sleep, and doggy comforts.

"Not only that," said Selkirk. "The vet said he wasn't a hundred per cent police dog, as he carries his tail in a high curly question mark, instead of drooping it, like a sabre. The vet explained he must have been the runt of the litter, and that's why he's so small. He's as big as he ever will be, and what's more, he's dumb. It breaks my heart to admit it, but Petey is just dumb."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that about your dog," said Miss Trowbridge, pausing at the entrance of an apartment house.

Selkirk nodded sadly. "Dumb. Here I had visions of owning one of these brilliant police dogs, a seeing-eye, a hearing-ear, a dog that could read finger and foot-prints; a dog that could snatch a long-sought thief from the crowd, and hold him for the wagon; a dog that would give warnings of fire, gas, earthquake, flood, and stock-market crashes. And here I find I have no police dog at all, but a kind of furtive, stool-pigeon dog, an impostor."

"Oh, now, Mr. Brice—it is Mr. Brice, isn't it? I never thought I'd ever hear a man run down his own dog!" She looked at him reprovingly. "You are fond of your dog, aren't you?"

Selkirk hesitated. "I dunno. Not when I think what he's put me through. Oh, and I forgot—since I moved to my new place, he's developed a new noise. It's a nuisance. He kind of whistles through his nose, without rhyme or reason. Busy as I may be, I leap for the leash, and take him out, and find he doesn't want to go out just then. When we get back, likely as not, he starts whistling again. Here, would you like to see him? This is where I live."

Surprised, she watched him as he took out a key and opened the door. She entered the hall, looking at him thoughtfully. She went to one of the many mail-boxes, the one marked "Trowbridge," to see what the letter carrier had brought, since nine Selkirk was at his own box, the other side of the hall. He turned. He gasped. "Don't tell me you live here, too?"

"Last three years."

"Gosh, and I've been here two weeks! But I never see anybody in the halls and—well, you know how it is, in New York."

They looked at each other. They blushed. Same house. Same court-room. Step up and pay the same fine, for the same offense. "Say, this is coincidence, or something," Selkirk blurted. He wanted to say, "romance" or "fate."

She laughed nervously. "Yes, isn't it?"

They started up the stairs. "There!" said Selkirk. "Hear that? That's Mister Petey, stool-pigeon, fake-cop, impostor! Hear him whistle?"

He unlocked the door of his apartment. Petey, a reduced, but very buoyant version of shepherd dog, bounded out, uttering joyous greetings. He darted at Selkirk, completed identification with his nose, then sprang at Miss Trowbridge, and made a big fuss over her. "Why, Petey, what a nice friendly little dog—and what a nice curly tail!"

"Don't rub it in," said Selkirk. "Tail ought to droop, like a ——"

"Oh, what do you care? A nice dog is a nice dog, whatever his ancestry. Why, Petey, I think you are darling!"

They made, thought Selkirk, a charming picture, as they stood in the doorway, Petey on his hind legs, leaning on Miss Trowbridge, and regarding her face with affectionate brown eyes. "Well, by golly," said Selkirk suddenly, "Petey's done me one good trick. Hadn't been for him, I wouldn't have been in court this morning, and we wouldn't have met."

Miss Trowbridge put on a blush of embarrassment like the one she wore in court. "I—I must run upstairs and get my purse and repay—" She stared at Selkirk, her blue eyes wide. "Why, I remember now—I didn't take my purse at all! I was so nervous and frightened!"

She went upstairs. Selkirk and Petey followed. She opened her door, and a queer looking dog pranced out, bending sideways, as limber as a fish, and executing clumsy capers of joy, but saying not a word. He was a big dog with low hairy eaves all around, and he resembled, Selkirk thought, a small thatched cottage without a chimney.

Petey was banging his tail against Selkirk and Miss Trowbridge in his pleasure at contemplating this new dog. Miss Trowbridge's dog gave Petey one look, and reared and put his front paws around Petey's neck, and Petey reared and got a full-nelson on the other dog, and they waltzed about like a couple of wrestlers before the booing begins.

"They seem to like each other," said Selkirk. "What kind of a dog is your dog?"

"English Sheep. His name is Si, or Silas, and Si really means 'Silent' because he never barks."

Here, Si, give us your paw," said Selkirk, kneeling.

"Here, Petey boy," said Ruth Trowbridge, kneeling.

"Oh, what a nice dog! What a fine big fellow!"

Petey liked this applause. He tossed big Si on his back, and lunged at Miss Trowbridge. Selkirk sprang to her elbows, just in time. He helped her to her feet. He looked at her, her fair face flushed with excitement, his face flushed because hers was, and because he was so enthusiastic about her and her dog.

"Miss Trowbridge," he began. "Let's let's "

"Yes, Mr. Brice?" she said encouragingly, for on looking him over, she had decided he might be the kind of guy who should be encouraged. "Yes, Mr. Brice?"

"Let's get our leashes and take our dogs for a nice walk. It would do them good, after the long morning in court. I mean, they must be nervous."

"Let's!" said Miss Trowbridge.

So Selkirk ran downstairs for his leash. He knew he should be working. Every hour counted now, if he was to get out some decent drawings to send the syndicate, so his contract would be renewed. If it was not renewed he would have to go on le longue traverse, the great job hunt, the weary pedal-and-peddle, and he'd have to go back to live with his sister.

He looked at his drawing table, strewn with sketches of Petey, none of them looking like Petey, and all of them looking like some gosh-awful animal in a zoo. No strange that even the zoo keepers wouldn't know what it was, if its sign board was lost from its cage. Such an animal would never do in a comic for children. Why, some of the sketches even frightened Selkirk.

There was a saying, at art school, that feet, hands and a violin were the hardest things for a young artist to draw. Selkirk was finding that animal faces, their mouths especially, were darned hard. "It's something about, the mouth," he thought. "If I could only get it in the right place, then he wouldn't look so much like an alligator with a monkey's body and tail. Gosh, I ought to take another crack at it right now."

But Ruth Trowbridge, Si Trowbridge and Petey Brice were at the door, all in high spirits and ready for the promenade. So the four of them went to a pier at the East River. Ruth and Selkirk stood for an hour in the middle of the pier and Si and Pete gamboled and frisked and found they agreed on any number of subjects.

For instance, they found it was very stupid of Ruth and Selkirk to stand an hour in one spot talking, when it was such a fine cold day for cavorting. They decided that people didn't know what was good for them, and they resumed their roadwork and gave the matter not another thought.

With Ruth and Selkirk everything was going along according to the good old schedule which all young men follow at such times. With a few daring compliments Selkirk let her know that he was aware of her charms and held them in high esteem, and then he got right into the important business of telling her about himself, man and boy. Of course, at the moment, he could give her only the general outline of his history, together with most of the chapter headings and some of the footnotes. He closed this installment with a chapter about his family row.

Selkirk and his sister, Fenella, had inherited their father's house, just off Gramercy Park. There Selkirk had lived and worked until he bought Petey. Then the trouble started. Leroy Nolan, Fenella's husband, was sure that Petey, being a polite dog, was part wolf, and would bite the twins, Rosamond and Rosalie. Fenella didn't like to have Petey sleep on the beds and eat and drink from her best dishes. The twins were afraid that Petey would bite their black cat, Mooster, when he caught up with Mooster, which he was always trying to do.

Now the hitherto happy household always was in an uproar. Every day Petey was being tried for some new misdemeanor, and Selkirk spent all his time as attorney for the defense. Petey then had topped off his career of crime by getting into an outdoor icebox, and devouring his weight in provisions intended to sustain all hands over a week-end, and he washed it down with a quart of cream, which he had opened by bouncing the bottle on the frozen ground until the cap flew out.

"So then," said Selkirk, "One word led to too many, and Petey and I moved out, and here we are."

"How awful," said Ruth Trowbridge.

"Eh?"

"I mean, it is too bad you quarrelled with your sister. Does she know where you are? I mean has she been in touch with her?"

"No, but if this court business gets in the papers, she and Roy Nolan will howl, to think Petey got me into a jam."

Ruth Trowbridge laughed. "I don't think the New York papers bother with little items like that. Why I hadn't given a thought to it."

Our hero was miffed. "It's a little different in my case," he said with modest conceit. "You see I am going to be a fairly well known comic artist, and I mean to stick to my work all over the country."

Our heroine gave him the look he expected and he did a bit of basking. "Why, Mr. Brice, how wonderful."

"Aw, I dunno," he said, booting a cop. "No great credit to me. Drawing just comes natural to me. And," he thought, "Brice, you lousy liar. You have trouble drawing Petey."

They leashed their dogs, and strolled home. Selkirk went up to Ruth's door with her to say good-by. Now he got a better look at her place than when he was in a hurry. his, and he saw an easel with a big canvas turned toward the wall. "Oh, are you an artist too?" he said. "Let's see what you're working on. May I?"

She blushed more fiercely than she had in the court room. "Oh, no—please! You see this isn't really my studio. I—I just sub-rent it from a man who is away."

"I see. Nice place you have here. Now I've got to work this afternoon, but how about it for tonight, together? Kind of top off our first [illegible] in the clutches of the law. Oh, come on [illegible]." As she hesitated he put in his strongest [illegible] I've been kind of lonesome since I left the folks downstairs."

So they dined together and [illegible] and that night Ruth and Silas had a [illegible] Ruth told Silas that Selkirk Brice was really a [illegible] she had ever met, and so young to be a famous comic artist.

Silas said that Petey was a swell guy with lots of personality, but he did seem rather dumb [illegible] think any dog would know especially a dog with pure blood. "But," said Si, "after all who am I to criticize? Today I feel I have found a friend, and we must not judge a friend too harshly." Which was a long speech for Silas who seldom said a word.

In his studio, one flight below, Selkirk was reviewing the day with Petey, who sat watching a twinkle in his eye, a big grin on his face, his bushy tail sweeping an arc behind him.

"Now you take Ruth Trowbridge," said Selkirk. "Prettiest girl in New York, and as intelligent as she is beautiful. She thinks it's wonderful to meet a real cartoonist, and—well, Petey, old boy, I'm just me's usual bungling, and she can hang her leash on our hooks any time she wants to!"

"Now you take Si Trowbridge," said Petey. "Tsk tsk! There's a comical cuss for you! Laugh! I thought I'd die, when he was posing me and to-ey ways. He's a kind of awkward, blundering oaf, but [illegible] to say but when he says it—is he dry and droll! We're great pals already, and he's going to show me a lot of swell places he knows, first chance we get. A fine, all 'round sportsman, and a thorough gentleman, is Si Trowbridge."

With that, Petey's mood changed suddenly, and he began to whistle through his nose, the new sound Selkirk disliked so. "Look here," said Selkirk hotly. "You're crazy. You don't want to go out. You just came in!"

Petey kept on whistling. Selkirk, who was near the door, heard light feet descending the stairs. He looked at Petey. He went to a front window and opened it and looked down. Miss Ruth Trowbridge came out of the house and went to the corner to mail a letter. Petey stopped whistling. When she came back into the house Petey whistled until her door closed upstairs.

"Petey!" cried Selkirk with delight. "I'll never call you dumb again! I get it now. You whistle only when Ruth is coming in or going out! Here, old kid put it there! I apologize!"

Then he dropped Petey's paw. He rushed to his drawing table. He thought to draw Miss Ruth Trowbridge. A pretty girl would be a grand lift to his morale. But no! Now, as always in the past, Selkirk's pretty girls looked more like Happy Hooligan with long hair and skirts than they did like debutantes.

He tried drawing Petey again, in repose and in action. Absently because he had watched them playing at the pier he brought in Si. Presently he lost interest in Petey and drew sketch after sketch of Silas Trowbridge who after all, could be as easy to draw as a stack of hay. Suddenly he let out a yell which woke Petey who was dreaming with much twitching of paw and nostril.

"I can't draw you, Petey, but I can draw Si! Hooray hooray! Si's a peach of a new character funny looking and funny acting! Why, Pete, my boy, Si is just what the series needs!"

He worked late and he slept late. When he got up he looked at the drawings he had made the night before. He hadn't done a bad job with Si, but he could do better if he had Si right there in the room posing for him. When he was shaved and arrayed for the day he knocked at Ruth Trowbridge's door. He could hear sounds of typing furious slam-bang, business-like typing, and when the typing stopped and she opened the door several impressions were available for him and he partook of them.

Ruth Trowbridge was charming. Ruth Trowbridge in maroon silk pajamas, had every desirable curve and contour. Ruth Trowbridge wore a little black cord around her neck, and on the cord where a modern of pince-nez might dangle, was an ink eraser. Behind Ruth Trowbridge on a big work table he hadn't noticed before was a full-sized typewriting machine, and when he saw it he blushed and she blushed he thought faster than light. "She's a typewriting-for-a-living girl!"

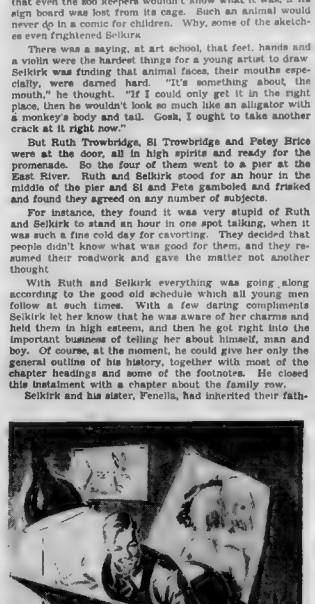
For his opening remark he chose the following: "Good morning! Just thought I'd ask—how is my old friend Si this morning?"

Silas produced himself, sidewinching joyously and silently, and Selkirk said, "Give us your paw, Silas," and gave Silas an ovation. And then he asked if he might take Si for a walk, as he was going out anyway with Petey.

Ruth Trowbridge said Si had been out already, but like any dog he liked to get in as much outdoor travel as possible. She put on his collar, gave Selkirk the leash and watched them depart, an odd look in her eyes. Selkirk walked the dogs, and back in his studio, went right to work. When, late in the afternoon, he hadn't brought her dog back, Ruth came to ask about him.

Now it was Selkirk's turn to go to the door and blush. He didn't like to tell her he was using Si as a model, as he was superstitious and nothing might come of it. He explained that Si got along so well with Petey he had let him stay. Ruth was relieved. She said, "I was really worried. I thought something must have happened to—to the dogs and you."

Then Selkirk, who was really a good hearted guy and considerate when he wasn't in a panic about his comic series, insisted that she have dinner with him. He took



Every Day He Borrowed Si and Drew and Drew So He Would Get Three Weeks Ahead, Eighteen Comic Strips with Silas the Main Character.

(Continued on Page 22)

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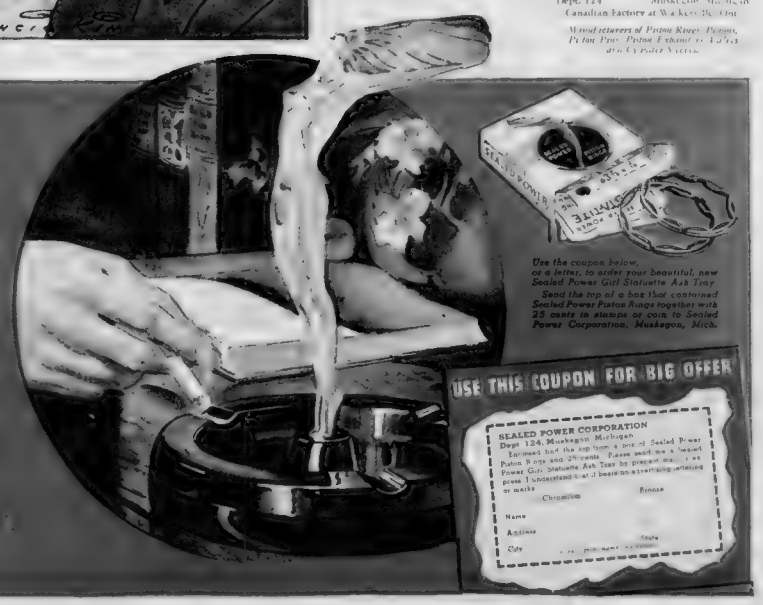

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Yet you'd never guess from its taste how little Franco-American costs. It's a regular "millionaire's dish," as different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients is a masterpiece of savory and delicate seasoning. Dad will love it, too. Why not serve Franco-American for dinner tonight in place of potatoes? Or have a spaghetti meal with this Savory Spaghetti Platter as your main dish?

Savory Spaghetti Platter

In center of hot platter arrange one can of heated Franco-American Spaghetti and surround it with ring of crisp bacon strips. At each end of platter put mound of cooked vegetables (peas, carrots or string beans). Serves 4. Cost—according to vegetable used), 40¢ to 50¢.

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INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Don't miss them if you want to be well-informed of scientific progress!

Leashes for Two

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 20)

her to a gay place that also had good food, and he urged upon her foods which contained the most calories and vitamins and things, including old-fashioned nourishment. He thought, "She can't make much money typing, and the least I can do is to see she gets a good meal under her belt every day."

That was the beginning of a routine. Every day he borrowed Si and drew and drew, so that he would get three weeks work ahead, eighteen comic strips with Si in them, to show the syndicate. Every day Si was at his place more than he was at hers. Every night—when she would go with him—he took Ruth to dinner, and this was a pleasant arrangement indeed, except that one night she seemed angry with him.

She had come to his door, excitedly, saying she had two box-seats at the Metropolitan. Selkirk said he couldn't go. She said, "How am I to get back at you? I can't dine with you night after night and not—"

"Oh, that's all right."

"Well then, come along. You said you liked that opera?"

"I do—but I tell you what you go with somebody else, and I'll take care of Si for you."

She gave him a look, and there was a flush high on her cheeks that wasn't a blush of embarrassment. "All right—you can have Si this evening, if you wish," and she went away.

Selkirk worked until midnight, when Petey whistled through his nose, signaling Ruth's key in the lock, below. When she came upstairs, Selkirk, Petey and Silas were at the door to meet her. Selkirk's eyes bulged. He had never seen her before in an evening gown and wrap. He marveled at the good taste and shopping cunning which made it possible for a working girl to turn herself out like a debutante. He thought she was the handsomest girl in the world, and his expression fairly shouted his admiration. He said, "Si's been a very good dog. Gosh, but I'm crazy about Si!"

She said: "Oh?" And then, "Good night. Thanks for taking care of my dog. Come along, Si."

Selkirk closed his door, puzzled. 'Say Pete, did it strike you that she was kind of cross, or something? Maybe it was just the spell of the music. Girls get that way for hours, after an opera."

The next day, she didn't seem at all cross, and the old routines were resumed. Meanwhile, he had been in touch with his sister, by telephone. She said that everybody missed him, and didn't he want to come back to live with them? for after all, half the house was his and there was a good back yard for Petey.

The thoughtful mention of Petey touched our hero, so that he drew the slide on a confidence he intended to keep boxed. "As a matter of fact, ha, ha! I have what you might call outside interests. Guess I've been on the loose long enough and I'm thinking of going on the leash!"

"Selkirk! No! Who is she? Do I know her? Is she nice? Now Selkirk, you look out! You always have such rotten taste in girls!"

"Wait a minute!" howled our hero. "I'm not going to produce a toothless wonder, and say, 'I want you to know and love Sophie as I do!' This girl is an angel, that's all, and I don't even know if she'd have me if I asked her."

"An angel? Oh, Selkirk, what would your mother and father say? This is worse than I thought. I'm coming right up there. Where do you live?"

He wouldn't tell her, and he rang off, promising to come down to dinner with the girl, the first chance they got. He finished and sent away two batches of comics, with the new Si character, and it wasn't until he was finishing the third batch that he broached the subject of dinner with his relatives, to Ruth, and she said it was nice of them to want her, and she'd be glad to go.

Selkirk went with her to the Nolans, a big chip balanced belligerently on either shoulder. If they didn't like Ruth, they could go straight to the hot place. He soon found he could take off both his challenging epaulets, for one and all, including the twins and Monster, the cat, liked Ruth.

Fenella Nolan, who was a fine looking young woman in her own right, approved instantly the lovely girl of her brother's choice. Leroy Nolan was so enthusiastic he went upstairs and changed his tie, and he basked and frisked about Ruth, and showed her a medal he had won in a hundred yard dash in Madison Square Garden, and altogether, Selkirk thought, acted the complete silly ass.

With the instinctive skill of her sex, Fenella got Ruth aside, and learned that Ruth was thrifty, practical, sensible, fond of children, fond of Selkirk, and knew as well as Fenella herself, the prevailing New York odds on steaks, chops, stockings, curtain materials, eggs, dish-towels and shoe leather, and both ladies agreed that Selkirk, like so many other young men, was nice, but evasive.

Ruth and Selkirk had to leave early, they said, because of their dogs. At the door, the gallant Leroy came out with a masterpiece. "Interesting that you two live under the same roof. Maybe someday you'll live under this one, and there'll be two beautiful young ladies in the house, and I don't mean Rosamond and Rosalie."

Ruth blushed, and so did Fenella, who cried, "Why, Roy Nolan!" and Selkirk bashfully muttered, "Hey, hey there!"

They said some fast good-byes, and Selkirk and Ruth got into a taxicab. "Oh, Ruth!" said Selkirk, no sooner than the door slammed. "Oh, Selkirk!" said Ruth, and they kissed for the first time. The driver, noting the rear seat proceedings in his mirror, promptly headed for Central Park, and a tour which was always worth five bucks, and had to be diverted.

When they got to Selkirk's studio, where they had left the dogs, Selkirk found a message that had been shoved under his door. There was a telegram for him. He called up the telegraph office, and got some good news. The syndicate, which was in Ohio, wanted to talk business, and he was to come at once, and meet some of the editors who were using his stuff.

Ruth helped him to pack, and went to the train with him. "I'm so happy about your good news," Ruth said. "It was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"I've got my fingers crossed. I won't be sure of anything, until my name is on the old line of dots. Well, Ruth—"

"All aboard!"

"Yes, Selkirk?" said Ruth maneuvering into position for an appropriate farewell.

"Oh, gosh, Ruth—I hate to go! Say, the darned train is moving! Take good care of Si will you? He's my mascot, and—"

Ruth maneuvered out of position, disappointed, and Selkirk fumbled for a moment, then leaped into the moving vestibule and rushed to his Pullman, to wave goodbye to her from a window, but Ruth was walking rapidly up the platform to the gates, with not a backward glance. "Gosh," thought Selkirk. "She's mad at me! I wonder why? Just when we were getting along so well. Oh, darn it all!"

He brooded all the way to Ohio, and all the way back, four days later, even though his boss and the editors he met were enthusiastic about his series, now that he had the new dog character for which Si had posed—and his contract was a fine one indeed. He came back to New York, his thoughts and desires streamlining ahead of him. When he caught sight with them at his door he went on specifics although he could hear Petey barking below. He answered on Ruth Trowbridge's door.

A man, a man, a rose with long stem hair and a big bald in his hand opened to him.

Miss Trowbridge doesn't live here any more. She rented the place from me while I was away. No I don't know where she's gone. You'll find that fellow Brice downstairs. She takes care of his dog. I understand.

Selkirk raced down to his own place, and opened the door. He patted Petey, who almost killed himself at him wildly. He said: "Hello, Si, as my pal! What good old Silas! And then he saw Ruth Trowbridge sitting with hat, coat and gloves on, looking at him.

"Ruth!" he cried.

She rose. "Hello, Selkirk. Now that you are here, I can go."

"Wait a minute," he said, as she fended him off when he tried to kiss her. "What is all this? Why the freeze out? And why did you move?"

"I moved because the tenant who has the lease returned. I also moved because I'm not going to see you any more. I thought it all out while you were away."

He was aghast. "Ruth what have I done?"

She put down her purse. "Since I first met you, my dog has spent more time with you than he has with me."

"Oh, that was all right. I took him every where I went and—"

"And now he has fleas."

"What? Well, he didn't get them from me or Petey. Ha, ha! Come on Ruth, you're kidding me!"

"I assure you I am not. Now I find that Si is crimping again!"

"Crimping? Crimping?"

"Yes, going around the edges of beds and couches and cushions and giving them little bites and I tried as hard to break him of it."

"Why he did that here in my place. I thought it was funny."

"So I assumed. And you must have let him sleep on your bed because."

"Sure he slept on my couch whenever he wanted to. Selkirk's Irish ancestors were whispering to him. 'Are you going to stand for this?' He looked at her and now at a time when his house should have been gentle he began to shout and shouts haven't been used in romance since the days when people lived in caverns. "Look here Ruth Trowbridge, do you mean to tell me that you're through with me because your dog has fleas and does crimping, and sleeps on beds?"

She said, "You are a peculiar man, Selkirk. You don't even like your own dog."

"What! Who said I didn't like Petey?"

"You did, the very first day I met you. You even prefer my dog, Silas—to—to your own, and and the places you choose to take the dogs! Oh, I was so ashamed!"

Selkirk roared with anger. He booted his bag across the room and the two dogs crawled under the couch and moistened their lips timidly to show that they were good dogs, and had nothing to do with this quarrel. With convulsed calm Selkirk said: "Places—places!"

Ruth said, "The night you went away, I took the dogs for a walk up one street and down the next. Suddenly, yours dog Petey, and to make it worse my Silas yanked so strongly on their leashes that

(Continued on Page 27)

It's Spring! ... come that ... clean start on ... running ...

1. CHANGE YOUR OIL
2. RENEW YOUR PUROLATOR

A ... keeps on ... even ... thousands ... the ... time ... and hard ... be replaced!

Garages ... to ... makers of

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NOT SOAP—NOT OIL

Gives Dull Hair a Silky Gleam!

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing, new liquid shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistening halo—with a single application.

Look at the girl above. See what a difference it makes when you use it. So try it soon—see how beautiful your hair really can be.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles as a new scientific secret. It isn't oil, it isn't soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before. Scientists have brought us something brand-new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops and instantly you get a glorious, billowy lather. It's more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so neutral—being neither acid nor alkaline that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly—and you're through.

"What?" you say, "no special rinses; no vinegar, lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No—they are not necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvelous part. Drene cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre as ordinary shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. Even dull, bleached or dyed hair becomes more brilliant, more natural looking after a Drene shampoo. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Women who have used it for months rave about the beauty and health their hair possesses—and have found its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair. Your scalp can really nourish the hair properly, when cleansed the Drene Way, which simply calls for one or two shampoos a week with Drene, and a few minutes of scalp massage and brushing of the hair. Then it glows with new life and lustre.

Procter & Gamble make this marvel, and you can buy it in various sizes at all drug, department and ten cent stores. Only half a tablespoonful for a perfect shampoo. The most economical and beautifying shampoo you have ever used. Try Drene at once. Buy the large size. It costs less per shampoo. Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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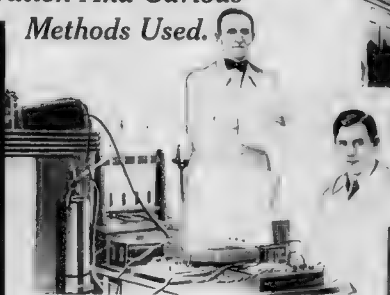
Continued Success Of The "Flame That Freezes," Whereby Cold Is Produced Without Machinery Or Moving Parts, Recalls Man's Age-Old Quest For Safe Refrigeration And Curious Methods Used.

In Prehistoric Times, Man Guarded His Food by Storing It in the Cool Depths of Natural Caves.


Carl G. Munters and Baltzar von Platen, the Two Young Students Whose Discovery of the "Flame That Freezes" Startled the Scientific World.

In These Charming Old-World Buildings of the Royal Swedish Institute of Technology, Stockholm, Baltzar von Platen and Carl G. Munters Labored Long and Tirelessly to Develop the Modern Miracle of Freezing with Heat.

IT'S EASY to conceive of a gold-mine [illegible] five million dollars. [illegible] would bring such a [illegible] is the sum which [illegible] business men are [illegible] for the secret of [illegible]

[illegible] the brain- [illegible] students [illegible] paradoxical and [illegible] annal of [illegible] the [illegible] in the his- [illegible] old refrigeration, [illegible] more efficient [illegible] than by means of [illegible]

[illegible] of this ma- [illegible] in A[illegible] a [illegible] consistently shown [illegible] lar and so suc- [illegible] makers, Servel Inc., [illegible] have had reason [illegible] hundreds of thousands [illegible] the country are [illegible] protection and [illegible] it offers. All over [illegible] of Servel Electrolux [illegible] a word for silent trouble- [illegible] for modern conveni- [illegible] economies in [illegible]

[illegible] and practice this [illegible] differs basically [illegible] automatic refrigerator, because it alone does its work with[illegible] a single moving part. The [illegible] which [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] circulated continu[illegible] by the simple application of a small amount of heat.

Worth five million dollars? Why, if Alexander [illegible] had the bene- fit of [illegible] triumph [illegible] kept their food as fresh [illegible] as we [illegible] relief [illegible] hos- tile sun.

For man [illegible] sought [illegible] refrigeration. It [illegible] probable that prehistoric men, shaggy-bearded and armed with huge clubs to protect them against the beasts which then stalked the earth, stored their precious food in the cool deep recesses of natural caves.

Our first material evidence of cold-producing methods is found in the writings of the ancient folk who inhabited the Mediterranean basin. Tablets unearthed on the site of a once-lavish temple tell [illegible] the Chald[illegible] for instance, lowered the temperature of water by pouring it in earthen jars and having slaves fan it vigorously to bring about rapid evaporation.

Ancient Egyptians Cooled [illegible] by Placing It in Porous Trays Which Were Exposed to the Night Winds of the Desert.

Alexander the Great Refreshed His Men with Cool Wine from Barrels Stored in Snow-Filled Trenches.

A similar chilling system was used by the [illegible]. Water was poured in por- ous [illegible]. By morning the water had become so cold through evaporation that a thin film of ice had formed on top.

Another early refrigeration idea was the use of snow in cooling. Alexander the Great utilized this method extensively. And in his military campaigns he relied heavily upon the power of chilled drinks. When circumstances permitted he had trenches dug for the storage of snow-protected wine.

Nero is reported to have maintained an army of slaves whose special duty it was to [illegible] from the far-off Alpine [illegible] to cool his drinks.

Still the history of man's attempt at refrigeration does not show a steady progress from these primitive and [illegible] methods toward the [illegible] marvel of science [illegible]. Not until we come down to [illegible] time do we find refrigeration [illegible] strides. According to [illegible] the first [illegible] in America took place in 18[illegible]. In 1805 the first ice [illegible] built.

Then came [illegible]. And with it came a universal ice [illegible] the loss of millions of dollars' worth of food brought on wide[illegible] due to the eating of spoiled or [illegible] food, and, in many cases, caused [illegible]

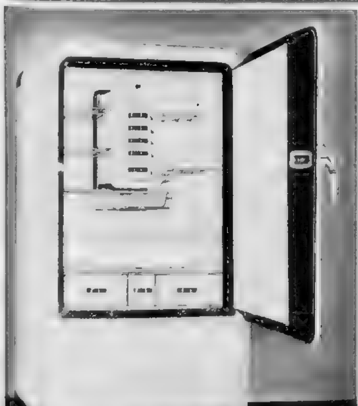
A number of [illegible] were designed and [illegible] ensuing years. But it was [illegible] that the maximum of [illegible] ing efficiency could best be [illegible] through the development of a [illegible] that would operate [illegible] ers whatever.

It was this problem which challenged the interests of Baltzar von Platen and Carl G. Munters, two students at the Royal Swedish Institute of Technology in Stockholm. [illegible] von Platen and Munters [illegible] which so many others [illegible]. They produced a refrigerating system from which every [illegible] of machin- ery had been [illegible] that ex- [illegible] the refrigerant [illegible] food- [illegible] supply of ice cubes [illegible]

This was the idea which a group of Americans [illegible] to have paid five million dollars for. It is the idea that [illegible] Servel Electrolux [illegible] performs [illegible] in up-to-date homes and apartments from coast to coast.

Reports from owners tell how even the earliest of these [illegible] refrigera- tors [illegible] from 5 to 10 years [illegible] giv- ing the same [illegible] they did when new! And that's further proof of five million dollars wisely spent!

Backed by 10 Years' Proved Superiority of Ice From Heat



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NEW LOW TERMS
Every Modern Convenience

1937 SERVEL ELECTROLUX OFFERS GREATER SAVINGS

Freezing system has no moving parts

THIS DIFFERENT, SIMPLER OPERATION ASSURES LONGER SERVICE AT LOW COST . . . FULLEST FOOD PROTECTION

WITH THE 1937 MODELS, the makers of Servel Electrolux bring you the finest, most economical refrigerator they have offered in their ten-year history! And that means something *special* when you remember that a million families have proved that you get biggest savings with a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator!

You can take for granted that this new Servel Electrolux is the last word in spacious storage arrangement ... in worthwhile time- and labor-saving convenience ... in smart modern beauty. And then consider this. Beneath its white and gleaming exterior is the *simplest* refrigerating system ever invented by man.

There are no moving parts in it—not even one! A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant that produces constant cold and sparkling cubes of ice. This remarkable refrigerator does its work in perfect silence—*year after year*—without friction, wear, or loss of efficiency.

It's easy to see what the simplicity of its *from heat* means to you. Owners report that Servel Electrolux actually saves enough on operating cost, food bills and upkeep to *pay for itself*.

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THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Proxy Princess by Clinton Lowndes

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CORINNE TRAVIS, office secretary, is almost the exact double of Anna Lind, screen star. Anna hires Corinne at $500 a week, to take her place on a nationwide personal appearance tour, the actress goes incognito to Europe to patch up her love affair with von Brock noted director, who, Anna has discovered was blackballed from Hollywood by Anna's studio executives who didn't want Anna to break her contract by marrying him. The only ones who know of Corinne's substitution are Zip Carter, Anna's manager, and Eunice Vernon and Jessie Stratford her secretary-companions Corinne tells her mother she's working for Anna Lind."

Corinne discovers that a hawk-nosed man and another stranger are following her she sees the hawk nosed man at Niagara Falls Eunice says Zip had not hired men to shadow her Fred Jones Corinne's office friend, who is the double of Fred F. Jones, screen comedian, suspects what she is doing, and appears in several cities on the tour. Finally Zip allows him to see her. Fred's fears that she is in danger do not impress Corinne, but at a Montreal night club Steve Whickett, Anna's publicity man, tells her that the disguise she affects, to avoid notice by the public, had been described in a movie magazine; as she leaves the club with Fred they are photographed

Walter Gaylord, wealthy air sportsman, also follows Corinne in the belief that she is Anna Lind, Gaylord had surprised Corinne in New York, and had kissed her, Corinne finding the experience not unpleasant. Gaylord believes that Anna, who had kissed him at a party, loves him, but Zip says that the actress had ordered her retinue to keep him at a distance

Gaylord manages to smuggle a note to Corinne, and she keeps a rendezvous with him in Montreal determined to say good-by to him. Still unaware that Corinne is not Anna Lind, Walter again kisses her and she responds despite herself, then tells him she must never see him again But secretly she hopes that he will persist

The newspapers publish the photo of Corinne and Fred Jones leaving the Montreal night club, playing up the story as a "secret rendezvous" between Anna Lind and the noted comedian Fred F Jones. The screen star denies from Hollywood, and Anna's studio believes the story a stupid publicity gag engineered by Whickett, the publicity man almost loses his job. When Zip bawls out Corinne for allowing this to happen he is so brutal that she wishes she were back home again

Corinne finds another note from Walter, asking her to meet him in Boston that night. Although Corinne now realizes that she loves Walter she feels obliged to tear up the note and return it with the flowers he sent. Zip cancels the Boston appearance in favor of Pittsburgh because of threatening letters to Anna signed "Killer of Parasites"; he tells Corinne the notes are part of Whickett's publicity activities But from then on he does not give out advance notices of their itinerary to anyone, and only tells the theatre managers a few hours in advance. Corinne is despondent because of her broken love affair

Fred Jones keeps trying to see Corinne, and Zip decides it is necessary to talk to him before he gives the show away.

CHAPTER XII.

Zip Compromises.

FOR a moment, Fred and Zip stood eyeing each other, like two strange dogs preparing for battle

"I want to see Miss Lind," said Fred sullenly

"Miss Lind is not in. I am her manager What is your business with her?"

"All right. If Miss Lind is not in, I want to speak to Miss Corinne Travis"

Carter pretended to be puzzled by this demand, but Fred swept away all grounds for further dissembling

"Oh, don't try any more of that funny stuff on me, Carter!" he said heatedly "I know all about this business you've hired her for. I know the whole scheme from beginning to end."

"All right, what do you want to see her about?" asked Carter calmly

"I want to see her because I've got a right to see her, that's all"

"Are you- do you consider yourself a friend of Miss Travis'?"

"You bet I do And she needs a friend, right now, too. And I'm just the guy to check-in when I'm needed, see?—no matter how much you dodge around and how many lies you tell in the newspapers about where you're taking her next. If she's not in any danger, like you keep telling her, why do you have to pull that sort of fancy business?"

Carter half smiled. "There are many things about our business, Mr. Jones," he said in a mollifying tone, "that you do not understand. I've had to jump around as we've been doing, and change schedules overnight, mainly on account of you Do you realize that?"

"On account of me?" said Fred indignantly "How do you get that way?"

"You read the newspapers after that nutty scrape you got her into at Montreal, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Listen," said Carter earnestly "Do you want to ruin this whole trip for the girl? If you're a friend of hers, do you want to stand in the way of this one opportunity in a lifetime that has come to her? Do you realize that there's a chance for a career ahead of her—and that you are just about to ruin everything for her, and land her back in that thirty-dollar-a-week job she had when we took her on?"

Corinne Took Both Fred's Hands Impulsively. "Gosh, girl, you're pale!" Exclaimed Fred. "You're getting thin."

Fred fingered his hat dejectedly. "Oh, I know you're paying her good money, and all that," he answered stubbornly. "But I know she's in danger, too, and you're taking advantage of her, making her run a risk that Anna Lind herself wouldn't run, just because—"

"Listen," repeated Carter. And for fifteen minutes he poured out assurances that Fred had been fooled by idle rumors he had read and heard concerning threats against Anna Lind

"There's only one danger, Mr Jones," he declared earnestly, "and that is that if you continue to follow us around, some newspaperman may see you and take pictures of you and bring up this crazy story again about Miss Lind and Fred F. Jones. Just once more is enough—it's curtains. You know how much you look like that fellow—and you've even got the same name. For Pete's sake, help us, man, if you're a friend of Miss Travis' Don't make fools out of Miss Travis and all the rest of us, and have us hooted out of the country."

Fred was much disturbed and on the defensive now, but he held his ground doggedly.

"Well, my firm's sending me on a cross-country trip, too," he contended. "And just because it happens that I'm in the same town with you people every now and then, I don't see why I can't see Corinne once in a while, and be on hand to help her if she needs me."

"But she's not going to need you," said Carter desperately "It's just the other way round. The one way you can do her a favor is by staying away from her"

"All right" agreed Fred grimly I won't ask to see her again Nobody's going to take any pictures of us together again. But I've got a right to keep up with her just as close as I can She needs protection, and I don't trust you, Carter—I'll tell you that to your face."

Carter groaned and chewed on a cigar savagely. He was getting exactly nowhere with this fellow

"Well, listen, Jones," he said presently "Can't you do something about the way you look I mean, can't you do something to change your appearance a little?"

"The way I look suits me said Fred angrily

"Oh, don't get sore, now. I'm just trying to be practical about this. Couldn't you, for instance raise a moustache?"

Carter was tempted to grin as Fred felt of the vast expanse between his friendly snub-nose and his wide upper lip

"Naw," said Fred vehemently "I raised a moustache once and the fellows around the office kidded hell out of me. When I raise a moustache it comes out red and it looks like a doormat."

"Oh, see. You'd look all right in one, if it was properly trained—I'm sure you would You can do that much for us, Mr. Jones, surely." Carter was using all his glib salesmanship It's very little to ask of you. It wouldn't matter how close you stuck around with us, if you'd do that. Why, I wouldn't care even if you went along with the party, if you'd do something to keep from looking so much like Fred F. Jones himself"

Fred showed signs of wavering

"All right," he said reluctantly "I'll do it if Corinne asks me to I'll do it for her—and she's the only person in the world I would do it for. Ask her if she wants me to."

Carter opened the door to the next room and called in Eunice Vernon. He introduced her gravely to Fred Jones

"Ask Miss Travis if she'll step in here for a minute and talk to us," said Zip. "You come in, too, Miss Vernon. This is going to be a peace conference."

Corinne was surprised and cheered to see Fred again. She took both his hands impulsively After all, he was somebody from home; he was a familiar note out of the past

"Gosh, girl, you're pale!" exclaimed Fred. "You're getting thin." He turned to Carter concernedly. "You're carrying her too fast," he declared "You're working her too hard."

"Oh, I'm all right, Fred," Corinne assured him. "I was just worried, for awhile, but things are working out all right now. What brings you here?" She glanced at Carter questioningly

"The very things that have been worrying you," said Carter significantly.

He reviewed the conversation he had had with Fred. "Mr. Jones naturally wants to keep as closely in touch with you, Miss Travis," he explained, "as it is possible for him to do without causing any further mix-up or misunderstanding. And just to play safe he has agreed to do us a favor—he has agreed to raise a moustache."

"A moustache!" exclaimed Corinne. "Oh, I think that will be cunning."

"Yeah—if you think a walrus is cunning," said Fred, feeling for his projected decoration ruefully. "But I'll do it for you, Corinne, if you say you want me to."

"It's the best way, I think, as Mr. Carter says."

"It's a pity," observed Eunice Vernon mischievously, "that Miss Travis couldn't do something like that when she wants to quit looking like herself. For a man it's a cinch - but what chance has a woman got?"

"All right, it's agreed, then," said Zip Carter briskly. "If you quit shaving today, Mr. Jones by this time next week you ought to have a respectable upstairs beard, and it won't matter how many smart newspaper hounds take pictures of you they can never accuse you of looking like Fred F. Jones again."

"And can I see Corinne?" asked Fred hopefully

Carter shook his head. "No We have agreed that she must see nobody. She has got to stick pretty close to her hotel room or the car. But you may see Miss Vernon, here, any time you like, and through her you may keep in touch at all times with Miss Travis. She will keep you posted regularly on how things are going."

"Delighted" assented Eunice I'll go places and do things with you, Mr. Jones. And I just dare anybody to take our photograph!"

Fred was in a good humor at last when they packed him off

"Now, maybe that's off our minds," sighed Carter wearily

Eunice Vernon laughed. "And what I've got to do, apparently, is to keep the little boy and his pet moustache amused, so he won't get our star in wrong, is that it, Zip?"

"Do anything," implored Zip "Vamp him, if you must. Do anything to keep his mind off the idea that his girl-friend here is in danger. You see, you've got nothing to worry about now, Miss Travis," he added for Corinne's benefit. "I'm afraid you've taken this whole affair too seriously You've actually worried yourself thin and pale over it, and that's all wrong. You've got to take care of your looks"

"It isn't—that," faltered Corinne. "I haven't been worried about Fred"

"Then what is it?" demanded Carter searchingly. "I've been watching you work, recently, and I've noticed you haven't had the pep you started out with You've been leaning too much to the sad side in your Anna Lind interpretation. She's swell in the sob scenes, but you don't want to imitate her too strongly in that phase, Miss Travis. You're likely to fall into the habit, and then you'll overdo it."

"I'm sorry," said Corinne with a smile that was plainly forced

"Leave her alone, Zip," urged Eunice, for she had noticed that Corinne's lip was quivering

I think I had better go rest now" said Corinne

"Sure, that's the thing" agreed Zip heartily. "Take it easy and quit worrying."

But he shook his head as she closed the door after her, and mumbled, "I wish I could"

Corinne alone in her room surveyed herself in the mirror of her dressing-table

Fred and Zip Carter were right she thought wretchedly Her eyes were tired, and there were faint shadings under them Her cheeks had lost, just perceptibly, their delicate contour

She felt the strain of constant traveling now, more markedly than she had in the beginning of the tour There had been the novelty and the excitement of it to buoy her up then. But now there was no longer any excitement, there was no novelty There was nothing but humdrum dullness now, and a sense of futility and defeat.

What was the use of it all? She was just a prisoner They wouldn't even let her see good old Fred Jones She was a bird in a platinum cage. Platinum, yes—but a cage just the same

Corinne's woes grew darker as she reviewed them mentally She was a puppet, that was all, she decided, switching her metaphors She did this and that automatically, as they pulled the strings. She had no right to do or think anything, of her own free will. She had sold out her wishes, her thoughts, her hopes, her emotions — her present and her future

And, that was why she was unhappy—was that all?—she asked herself disdainfully Two oversized tears, welling out of her eyes, crawled timidly down her cheeks, as if, themselves, questing for the answer to something

She dashed them away impatiently, and turned from the mirror.

She didn't have to see him, she didn't have to want him this way. What did it matter if she had hurt him by sending his flowers back to him, and his note, all torn up?

It was all ended She would never see him again

But she did see him — that very evening at the theatre—in her dressing-room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Blow-up.

CORINNE had hurried to her dressing-room, after her evening stage appearance, clasping in her arms the flowers that had been handed to her across the footlights

In the shadows at the door of the dressing-room, a detective stood guard, for that was an unchanging procedure. It had been a different detective at every theatre, Corinne had noted, not one of the two assigned to the private car. An agency in each city visited had been called upon to furnish an extra man

And in this instance the detective stepped close to her as she opened her dressing-room door and whispered

"Anna, darling—may I come in—just for a moment?"

It was Walter Gaylord

Corinne was so startled that she dropped her flowers, and he retrieved them for her eagerly.

She looked about, frightened and breathless, to see whether anyone had been watching. But, except for busy stage employes who hurried here and there, unmindful of what she was doing, there was no one in sight.

She slipped into the dressing-room and he followed, closing the door after him. Then he took

(Continued on Page 26)

SIMPLE SKIN CARE that brings PLEASING RESULTS

CLEANSE your skin thoroughly—at least once a day—with warm water and Resinol Soap using a clean wash cloth made fluffy with the foamy lather. Enjoy its tonic like fragrance as the Resinol filled lather gently cleanses and stimulates the pores. No harsh ingredients to dry or irritate the skin Now rinse well and pat dry

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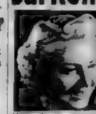

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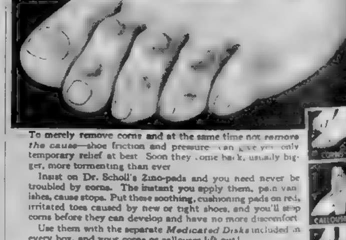
STOP PAIN-REMOVE CORNS



To merely remove corns and at the same time not remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure can give you only temporary relief at best Soon they come back, usually bigger, more tormenting than ever

Insist on Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you need never be troubled by corns. The instant you apply them, pain vanishes, cause stops. Put these soothing, cushioning pads on red, irritated toes caused by new or tight shoes, and you'll stop corns before they can develop and have no more discomfort

Use them with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box, and your corns or callouses lift out!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in special sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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Song with rhyme and plenty of reason

"Whenever I drink, it's with moderation.
I've learned to say 'WHEN' without hesitation.
To earn the respect of self, friend or foe
A fellow must handle himself . . . just so."

Temper delight with discretion. Use . . . and choose . . . your whiskey with care. Buy better whiskey. Enjoy it as a gentleman should—moderately. Reason is never out of season.

Here's how an OLD FASHIONED is made the *new* way: To one small lump of sugar, add two dashes of bitters and one ounce of soda or plain water. Muddle thoroughly to dissolve sugar. . . Now deposit one large cube of ice and add a jigger of Calvert's "Reserve" or Calvert's "Special." Decorate with cut of pineapple and slice of orange. Complete the picture with a luscious maraschino cherry.

CLEAR HEADS
CALL FOR **Calvert** WHISKIES

Copr. 1937 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: BALTIMORE, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY.. EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 8 years old. 32% straight whiskey 5 years old; 68% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY —86 PROOF—straight whiskies in this product are 5 year and 6 months or more old. 25% straight whiskey; 75% grain neutral spirits; contents: 5% straight whiskey 5 year and 6 months old; 5% straight whiskey 3 years old; 15% straight whiskey 5 years old.

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE *over a light*

Safety Officials warn smokers against use of ordinary car lighters and matches while driving.

NEW AUTOMATIC CIGAR LIGHTER for your car

• Thermostat controls heat. Gives perfect light every time. Always works...can't fail. Just press and let go, you do not have to hold it in. Lighter signals when your light is ready. Adds to smoking pleasure. Color selection Pearl White, Brown Quartz or Black. Order direct if not available at your garage or accessory dealer. Send no money. Pay postman on delivery.

$2.50 COMPLETE
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Installed in 5 minutes on any car. Simple directions and brackets enclosed with lighter. Fully Guaranteed.

CASCO Products Corp., Bridgeport, Conn.
In Canada: 287 King St., East, Toronto.

CASCO
Automatic CIGAR LIGHTER

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
TRADE MARK

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa - - - Toronto, Can.

Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 24)

her in his arms, and she clung to him, inert and trembling, as he kissed her

Oh, you mustn't, you mustn't!" she cried, but offered no strength of resistance. There was no resistance in her. She was overcome by the almost painful delight, the cessation of longing which his presence meant to her

"Darling," he murmured, "they can't keep us apart—they can't any longer."

"But—you shouldn't have come here," she faltered, and she could feel her heart thumping wildly

"It was the only way—I've tried every other means. I bought off your detective. Even old Jake doesn't seem able to help me now—he has sent me on a wild goose chase to the wrong town half a dozen times."

"It's because he doesn't know," said Corinne, shivering. "Nobody knows where we're going next, ever, except Mr. Carter. It's all so—so nerve-wracking"

"I know it, sweetheart," he said compassionately. "I know you're tired and sick of it. Why don't you come away with me now—away from all this! I've got a little ranch out in Nevada where we can go and hide. My ship is at the airport now, all ready for us. We can fly all night, and tomorrow we'll be in Nevada. What do you care for this stupid tour? Please, sweetheart, please—won't you?"

"No, no, no," exclaimed Corinne, but still she did not have the will or inclination to free herself of his embrace. "You don't understand. It's impossible."

"It isn't, it isn't at all. Nothing is impossible for you, Anna Lind. You may do as you wish. You don't realize it, dear, you don't realize your own power and influence. No one can stop you from doing anything. We could be secretly married—we wouldn't have to tell anyone, for a long time—"

She placed her fingers over his lips, tenderly.

"Don't—you mustn't talk like that. That can't ever be. We can't ever belong to each other, Walter. I told you that."

She said it so wistfully and sadly that he was deeply touched. He kissed her fingers. "Of course we can. We must. I know you care, now, darling—I know it, now. And nothing can ever keep us apart."

She drew away from him, desperately. "You've got to go, now. You should never have come to see me here. Someone may come and find you here. Please go—please, please—"

He clung to her, pleadingly. "But it is so seldom that I can see you. They guard you so closely. They tear up my letters and send them back to me. I am not sure of even getting a message to you through Jake. Don't send me off now—so soon."

"I can't help it," said Corinne unhappily, yet comforted that he did not know it was she who had torn his message into bits and sent it back to him. "There is so much that you don't understand, that—you can never understand. Perhaps some day I can tell you—and then you will despise me."

"Tell me — what?" he urged eagerly. "There is nothing you can say to me, dear, that can hurt me more than you hurt me by keeping things from me. What is it that I don't understand?"

"I am a fraud - a cheat—I am not what you think I am," she said dully. "I have told you lies

I am living a lie. I have no right ever to see you again—I have no right to your friendship or your confidence Can't you see?" she broke off helplessly "Can't you see that I am not the Anna Lind you once thought you loved?"

"You are not," he exclaimed "You are a thousand times more desirable—more adorable. You are human, now, and when I knew you first you merely were divine—aloof and unapproachable You could never have said such things, then, about yourself, such unkind and unfair things. And you can only say them now because you are troubled - because you think that I ought not to love you, I don't know why! Of course you are 'living a lie,' dear. You are playing a part. But you don't need to play that part any longer. Please give it up now, you are tired of it—come with me, darling. I'll take you where you can have rest and peace and quiet, and release from it all Please, darling—come with me now"

Corinne shook her head hopelessly. "I am playing a part, yes, and it is a part that I have to keep on playing. I can't be myself to you—ever. Please go now, Walter, and don't try to see me again—please! It will only mean, if you try, that you will hurt yourself, that you will hurt me." She added sorrowfully:

Corinne's Stage Appearances Hadn't Been Too Successful of Late. She Had Been Strangely Melancholy and Wistful.

"And you don't want to hurt me—do you, Walter?"

"Of course I don't But how could I hurt you, dear, merely by wanting to see you, by wanting to protect you, by hoping to save you from this unhappiness, whatever the cause of it is "

"You simply can't ever know," she said in a voice scarcely audible. "I can't ever tell you."

He regarded her whimsically "Mysterious girl! Do you ever feel and think the same way twice under the same circumstances? Am I never to know what your real motives and feelings are? You are always happy to see me, yet you are always sending me away forever. Do you know what I am going to do?"

She looked at him in mute inquiry.

"One of these days, Anna Lind, I am going to make up your mind for you," he said cheerfully but in earnest. "You need someone to tell you what to do, not to ask you to do it."

"Indeed?" She tried to put resentment in her tone, but failed dismally

There was a sharp rapping at the door. Corinne whirled, alert and frightened. She looked at Walter in frantic appeal

"Ask who it is," he whispered. "Say you are not to be disturbed."

The rapping was repeated

"Who is it?" called Corinne, trembling

The reply was ominously sharp "It's me, Carter. What's going on here?"

"Oh, I'll be ready in five or ten minutes, Mr. Carter. Please come back—or wait for me at the stage-door."

Carter grumbled something that was inaudible and then demanded: "Where is the man who is supposed to be on duty out here?"

Corinne hesitated turned to Walter in distress "Say you sent him out for something" prompted Walter "Headache tablets."

'Oh - I had forgotten I sent him on an errand Mr Carter, to the drug-store'

Carter grumbled something else and then called out 'All right, I'll wait for you right here Please hurry, will you" Snap it up!"

"The impudent scoundrel," growled Walter, striding toward the door. "What right has he to talk to you like that?"

"Oh, don't!" begged Corinne "Don't open the door."

"I'm going out," said Walter grimly, "It's the only thing to do. He's going to wait out there You've got to dress."

He swung the door open sharply

Zip Carter, though forewarned at all times against the unexpected, was not prepared for this.

His face bore commingled and rapidly shifting expressions of shock, astonishment, dismay, incredulity—and then of sardonic recognition

He stepped past Walter Gaylord into the dressing-room, looked at Corinne searchingly.

"I didn't know," he observed ironically, "that I was interrupting a social visit."

"You know it now!' snapped Walter.

"Mr. Carter," faltered Corinne, in a breathless attempt to be conventional, "this is—Mr. Gaylord."

"So I see," said Zip curtly "The enterprising young man, I believe, who never knows how to mind his own business. He seems interested in show-business now

there's plenty of face-powder on his coat"

"Miss Lind," exclaimed Walter angrily, "this man is your manager—but if you'll say the word, it will give me pleasure to throw him out for his impudence"

"One more crack out of you," returned Carter with a scowl 'and you'll cool your heels in jail, where all cheap prowlers and trespassers belong. How long do you intend to keep annoying Miss Lind?"

"I am not aware that Miss Lind finds it necessary to consult you as to whether or not I am annoying her."

"Hm! May I ask where your maid is, Miss Lind? Did you send her off on an errand, too?'

"She is at the hotel," said Corinne tonelessly. "I told you I should not need her here this evening."

"Ah. I am sorry that I intruded, Miss Lind I should not have done so for the world, had I known the circumstances You will remember that your last order concerning Mr Gaylord was that we were to dispose of him as a 'common pest'. Were not those your words, Miss Lind?"

Corinne stood wretchedly silent, though Walter gave her a glance of quick pain

"Your instructions," added Carter harshly, "to me, to Miss Vernon and Miss Stratford, were that all communications received from Mr Gaylord were to be destroyed—that you did not wish to see him, or talk to him or hear from him, again. Am I quoting you correctly, Miss Lind?"

Corinne stared desolately at the floor and said nothing. There was nothing she could say. Carter had trapped her, in the most abominable of situations. He could not know how much suffering he was causing her—he could not have been so pitiless if he had known

"You were never to be 'in'," Carter went on remorselessly, "when he inquired for you. His flowers were to be returned to him—or thrown away. Those were your standing orders, were they not, Miss Lind? And when, after several months of this sort of treatment, he failed to take the hint as any person of ordinary intelligence would have done, you instructed Miss Vernon to get in touch with him and to tell him, in words of one syllable—"

"You don't have to say any more," interrupted Walter Gaylord. His face had gone white and his voice was tense and unnatural. He turned to Corinne, and she could not meet his eyes "Are these things true?" he asked slowly

She did not reply. She did not try to raise her eyes or dare to utter a word, for words would have choked her. It was true that Anna Lind had said these things—and she was Anna Lind. Either to affirm or deny them meant disaster. She must let Zip Carter do now, in his terribly incisive way, what she had not the courage to do

Some day she could explain to Walter, she could tell him everything, even though he would despise her heartily—but she could tell him, and that would make the pain more bearable

Tears started in her eyes

"Are these things true?" repeated Walter, in a tone that terrified her "You laughed at me behind my back—told your hired help I was a pest and a nuisance—did you? And yet you led me on, for the 'fun' of it, to see how far you could take me" Are these things true?"

She turned her head She could not let him see her crying

"You do not deny them?"

"Why should she deny them?" asked Zip Carter irritably, when she still said nothing "Can't you ever be convinced, Gaylord? Can't you take 'no' for an answer? Do you want her to slap you in the face?"

"She has—slapped me in the face," said Walter in a bitter monotone. "At last. She has had the courage and the decency to do it—in accordance, that is, with her quaint code of 'decency.' I am indebted to you, Mr. Carter, for showing me, with your bloody axe brand of delicacy, what she really is. I had heard there were such women but I never have really believed it, until now."

He laughed mirthlessly, and was gone

Corinne, sobbing aloud now, called after him desperately:

"Walter! Walter!"

But Zip Carter quickly slammed the door. "For Pete's sake, don't call him back again He's gone now—it's done—it's finished."

"Yes, it's 'finished' now," cried Corinne, through a torrent of tears. "You beast—you brute—you utter beast!"

"Why, what's the matter?' gasped Carter aghast as she turned upon him, heedless of the wild havoc which her tears were wreaking with her mascara 'What have I done?"

'What have you done? Corinne half screamed. 'You've sent him away from me for good ing me, hating me loathing me And I love him! Do you hear? Can you get that through your miserable, tricky brain? I love him. He means more to me than any person or anything in the world And you've sent him away loathing me and I never see him again Never Do you hear? You cruel, heartless beast!"

'Why, what the Great Quiet down girl for Heaven's Say I was only trying to help you How should I know

"Get out! Get out! You've done enough to me

(Continued on Page 34)

EMBARRASSMENT? I NEVER THINK OF IT... WHEN I USE AMOLIN!

DOES THE FEAR OF offending haunt you on days when you must wear a pad? Do you know that Amolin has the unique power of not only destroying odors but *preventing* them from forming?

Yet dozens of deodorizing applications of priceless Amolin Powder cost only a few cents! Amolin makes a pad *more* absorbent, *more* comfortable, *less* apt to chafe—and *positively* odorless.

PADS ONLY ONE USE FOR AMOLIN! The *everyday* uses of Amolin are as important as its periodic use; it is the *complete* body deodorant. Sprinkle its soothing softness under the arms, inside the girdle, between toes and in the shoes. Men, too, use it to prevent perspiration odor and safeguard against Athlete's Foot! Beware of imitations lacking the exclusive, super ingredients of Amolin. Only 35¢. Larger sizes at a saving. At drug or toilet goods counters.

HAVE YOU TRIED OUR CREAM?

Amolin Cream Deodorant is creating a sensation—a real deodorant without a messy smell! Extra-smooth, extra soft, antiseptic, perfumed, non-staining, vanishing. Two sizes in attractive boudoir jars. *The cream of the cream deodorants!* Try it and see!

Amolin

Modern Products of Hygienic Research

DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS

A KNOWING woman no longer gives-in to functional periodic pain. It is rather old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is a reliable relief for such suffering

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of every month! Keep going and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its medicinal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

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Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold Digger"

(Continued from Double Page)

...I offered to ... for I ... superb coat lined with fur and trimmed with fine blue fox.

"But this is not mine!" I cried.

"Yes Mademoiselle it is yours" he replied with a respectful bow. He gave me a discreet signal which pointed out to me a particularly smart man who had just come back into the room and who must have heard me complaining of the cold.

This disinterous action delighted me. I took care to find out the name of the kind Unknown who turned out to be the Prince Edouard de Belme.

You may be sure that I saw something of him in the days that followed.

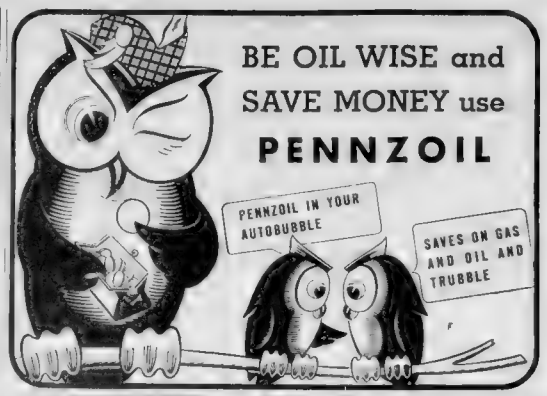
How the Baron had been warned of this new friendship by one of the many thoughtful people who can never mind their own affairs I never knew. But a few weeks later he explained.

It is no good meeting women with me. I cried. You have never loved me all you really wanted was to be seen about with a very smart woman.

It was not too prudent of me to break like this with him, but patience has its limits, and even Betty, the practical and farseeing never made me any reproaches for sending cypherier about his business. It is true enough that one does not get every day of the week with a gentleman who can present one with pearls necklaces that had belonged to the Empress Eugenie and I must admit that I had begun to find my three pearl necklaces at the price. Perhaps they had grown for me an almost tremendous notoriety.

One day about this time, I went

(Continued on Page 29)



THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Leashes for Two

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 22)

I had to follow. Where do you think they pulled me?"

It's your story. You tell me."

They pulled me into a saloon and every man I met an in the place knew Petey and Silas by name and the dogs went right up to them and pranced around and acted so silly when those people petted them and I had to act like I was fighting the dogs off of the floor."

He stared at her. He burst out. "Beer one. I don't drink! Beer two of course those people when the dogs. They've seen their often enough. Beer three every saloon in New York has to have a dog and as we. Nights when you and those dogs with me I took the dogs there. They always get some fine big steak and chop bones."

Ruth went to the door. "Good-bye Selkirk."

You can't go that way. I don't even know your new address!"

She shook her head. "This is good-bye Selkirk. Come along, Si."

Well by golly!" he roared with anger, with unhappiness, "if that is the way you feel about it good bye!"

The door closed behind her, and Silas and romance.

For a day or two Selkirk was too unhappy to work and to make matters worse his sister was pestering him on the telephone to come down and bring that charming Miss Trowbridge as everybody had fallen in love with her. When he did get around to work, he found to a dismay that chilled his vitals, he could no longer draw Silas.

Si had seemed so easy to draw when Selkirk could see him every day and study him, but now that he wasn't available as a model, he was no longer as easy to draw as a stack of hay. Indeed as Selkirk drew and drew he made Silas look so much like a stack of hay that there should have been a pitchfork and a rake showing out of him. And without Silas there was no comic series and the syndicate could cancel his new contract even more swiftly than they had drawn it up.

Again he tried to draw Petey but with miserable results. He went to kennels and pet shops looking for dogs like Silas but blundering old Si had a quality about him, something that appealed to Selkirk, something which younger dogs of the same species did not have.

The man upstairs couldn't help Selkirk with Ruth's address claimed he didn't know where she was. Selkirk went through telephone books and city directories, looking for a clue. He realized now that he knew nothing about her except that she had relatives in Chicago. He decided he would go to Chicago and try to find her, for now he was in a wretched state and whether or not he ever saw Si again he had to find Ruth.

He telephoned his sister to see if she would take care of Petey while he was away and the moment she answered the phone, he began pouring out his woe. He told her word for word as he remembered it all the reasons Ruth had given him for not wanting to see him any more. He said:

Darn it, Fenny I'm half crazy I can't believe that Ruth or any other girl would break with a fellow because her dog got fleas and went back to cramping and sleeping where he wanted to. And as for the dogs pulling her into that bar-grill it's a respectable family place and Ruth Trowbridge is too modern and sensible to mind anything like that. There must be some other reason, but in Heaven's name, what is it?"

"Well, Kirk," Fenella began, "you know you're awfully evasive."

"Evasive? Evasive? Ye Gods! I've been working day and night on the series, to get my contract renewed so I could ask her."

"Just a minute, Kirk—Roy's been doing nothing in the evening papers. What is it, Roy? Why Selkirk listen to this 'Miss Ruth Trowbridge the popular Chicago society girl, has just written and illustrated a splendid new atlas, for children, with funny maps!' Why, Selkirk Kirk? Kirk? Do you hear me?"

Selkirk hung up. He stared at the telephone. This was the worst blow of all. Ruth a society girl and she could write books for children and draw funny maps and he had thought she was a typist and he had bragged about being a comic artist. He blushed so hard his head was hot. Gosh but it was fun to work to hear. He jumped up at last and took Petey out for a walk. Almost he could have wept into his muffler.

They walked and walked, and only Petey noticed where they went. Once with a sudden lunge Petey tried to tow Selkirk to a doorway. It was the entrance of the saloon and grill through which Petey and Silas had once Ruth Trowbridge. It was for Petey said sensing say. It struck you as a fake trip a lousy detective pooch. But you're a goof, Pop and you are a. I have ... of.

They tacked on to a ... method of fame ... houses, with sidewalk awnings

(Continued on Page 31)

Lanny Ross says:

"Luckies never bother my throat in the least"

"I've been enjoying Luckies for a long while now. They're a light smoke and they never bother my throat in the least... and that goes for my voice too. I guess everyone knows that it takes a good many hours of rehearsal to produce an hour of show... especially with a program like the new 'Show Boat'. But I wonder if they realize what a wonderful feeling it is to relax for a while, forget all about work, and smoke a Lucky."

Lanny Ross

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Mr. Ross verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

THE FINEST TOBACCOS—
"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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FEET HURT?

Here's Relief

When your feet burn, when your legs ache, when you have corns, how refreshing there's nothing like Absorbine Jr. to draw out pain, away. At druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Economical, little goes far.

ABSORBINE JR.

HAIR GOING?

GLOVERS

DOUBLE SAVING
For Wearers of
FALSE TEETH

Will your scalp stand the "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

There are two common kinds of dandruff. The dry flaky kind that whitens your coat collar, and the oily, clinging variety that shows up in the "fingernail test." This latter type is more common and may be more serious. It is often a symptom of seborrhoic eczema, common scalp infection blamed for 7 out of 10 cases of premature baldness.

Don't take chances. Thousands have this infection without knowing it. Use Wildroot! Its time-tested formula loosens the encrusted dandruff resulting from that condition, thus retarding the approach of premature baldness. Itching stops, scalp feels refreshed, hair stays naturally in place without that slicked-down look. Don't let this threat of premature baldness get a head start! Get Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist today! Professional applications at barbers. For clean, attractive, dandruff-free hair, enjoy a stimulating half-minute Wildroot rub each morning, and use Wildroot Instant Shampoo once a week. Money back if not 100% satisfied. Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. and Fort Erie, Ont.

Wildroot is not to advise all "some scalp troubles should be treated only by a physician

FREE 60c WILDROOT INSTANT SHAMPOO WITH PURCHASE OF WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

LIMITED TIME ONLY! Full size Wildroot Instant Shampoo FREE with regular size Wildroot Hair Tonic. 10c shampoo free with medium size tonic. Get one now. See how its lather penetrates into the pores, loosens dandruff, relieves dry scalp. Use it as often as you like. Offer expires soon. Get one now. See how its lather penetrates into the pores, loosens dandruff, relieves dry scalp. Use it as often as you like. Offer expires soon. Get one now at your druggist's. See how its lather penetrates into the pores, loosens dandruff, relieves dry scalp. Use it as often as you like. Offer expires soon.

WILDROOT Hair Tonic

CORNS COME BACK

BIGGER—UGLIER
—unless removed Root and All

OLD FASHIONED methods are dangerous! Paring means the risk of serious infection and corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful unless removed root and all. Try Blue Jay's new, easy, double action method. In 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.

Don't take chances. End corns safely, with Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, held snugly in place with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Get Blue-Jay, 25c for 6.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC **CORN PLASTERS**

A pair of dead corns from like to form and position. If left out serve as first point for removal development.

Proxy Princess by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 26)

haven't you? Get out, and leave me alone. I never want to see you again. I don't want to have anything to do with you again, ever—you or your miserable, lying, shoddy scheme of dodging around trying to pretend I'm somebody else. I don't want to be anybody else, do you hear me? I want to be me—me—me! And I'm going back home. I kept your bargain for you, didn't I? I didn't tell him who I was, did I? I didn't tell anybody, did I? All right, I kept my word—and now I'm through keeping it. I'm through with everything, do you hear? Through—through!"

"But listen, for the love of—"

"You can tell people your precious Anna Lind is sick—or tell 'em she's dead. What do I care? Tell 'em she died of too much sweetness—of too much love and affection—that's it!" Corinne laughed wildly through her streaming tears. "Tell 'em she smothered to death with flowers. And now get out! Don't you understand what I mean, when I tell you to get out!"

Carter got out, for it had been years since he had been a target for such an onslaught of feminine fury. A last look told him that she was slumped over her disordered dressing-table, sobbing her heart out, her shoulders heaving violently.

He closed the door carefully behind him and got out his handkerchief and mopped his streaming brow.

He was so spent that he even forgot to take refuge in a cigar. "Wow!" he muttered. "Ain't women hell!"

He steadied himself sufficiently to make a search for Eunice Vernon, and when he found her, Eunice stared him out of what was left of his countenance.

"Great juice of the prune!" she ejaculated. "Have you had a spell of sickness? Have you been a ghost, or have they jerked you up on your 1929 income tax?"

"Don't waste time talking about trifles," rasped Carter. "We're sunk. We're ruined. The tour's shot all to burnt gun-powder. Go look in the star's dressing-room, will you, and see what I've done to our star."

"Zip! Have you been ribbing that poor girl again?"

"Has she been ribbing me! Listen—get a picture of this! She's in love, that's all!"

"Who's in love—with whom?"

"She's in love with him—with Walter Gaylord!"

"With—wha-at' Has he been around again?"

"Has he been around! Quivering cripes! He's been in there with her—and with me—just now. I slipped the skids under him—I must have got pretty rough, Eunice—honestly, I don't remember. But go in there and see what you can do. She's quit on us—she's walked out."

"But tell me—start at the beginning, and let me get heads and tails of this."

Carter told her everything, and Eunice stared at him blankly.

"Zip, as a handler of sensitive women," she burst out, "you are the flat tire of the ages! What did you have to go do that for, you poor simp—when you know we've been treading on eggshells, anyway, eggshells and fulminate of mercury!"

Carter shrugged sheepishly. "Well, we didn't want him to find out, did we—and blow up the whole works when he saw he'd been tricked?"

"Tricked! Oh, you sublime idiot. If he was in love with her, he was in love with this girl—the Travis girl—wasn't he? Why couldn't we tell him the truth?"

"Yeah! Tell everybody the truth—in confidence—and hope they wouldn't give us away That sounds simple!"

"Well, you go find that chap!" ordered Eunice hotly. "That's your job—you scour the earth for young Gaylord. And I'll go and see what I can do with your imitation star."

"It's too late now—he's gone," said Zip hollowly. "And we're supposed to be on the way to Chicago tonight."

"Chicago? Forget it! You'd better cancel Chicago for the time being. And you'd better find Gaylord. It's our only hope. I'll promise her to bring him back. Try the hotels, Zip."

Carter tried all the hotels, but his inquiries availed him nothing. For even then young Walter Gaylord was high in the night sky in his cabin monoplane, tragically winging west, through with women forever.

* * *

"The tour's a fizzle," said Steve Whickett venomously, pouring himself three fingers of Scotch, which gave him a score of fifteen fingers for the past hour. In the great, open-hearted Northwest, where Anna Lind is supposed to be so popular they name all the female babies after her, what have we had—one flop after another!"

"Oh I wouldn't say that," purred Hendricks. "You're letting these squawks from Hollywood get under your skin. It's only in a publicity respect that we've flopped. She's drawing her crowds, just the same as ever."

"But she's lost interest," said the third publicist, Lawson, gathering up a few of the telegrams with which the Pullman drawing-room was littered. "She goes on like a paper doll, speaks her little piece of canned oratory as though it bored her to death, and then drifts off and never takes another bow whether they applaud her or not."

"Well, she did draw a roast in Minneapolis," Hendricks quoted maliciously: "'Holds herself superior to her public'—'Condescending in her aloofness'—'Should never have stepped down from the screen to destroy the illusion in which she had cloaked herself!'"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Whickett. "Haven't I heard enough of that slam without having you mouth it all day long, as though you enjoyed it? How did this dirty dig find its way out to Hollywood so quick that they start panning me today—answer me that. It looks like your word, Hendricks. You wired that roast to Hollywood."

For shame'" said Hendricks with irritating blandness. "Also lie! I could almost say sounds you hurt me so, Mr. Whickett. Why, if I should do anything to get you in bad they might give me your job and could you picture my embarrassment! I wouldn't be in your shoes, my boy, if they were half-soled with lead and worth their weight in radium. Why, it's all your fault because Anna Lind gets the wrong kind of publicity. Doesn't Hollywood say so?"

"You're telling me—to make me like it, eh?"

"It is also suggested," added Lawson, tapping one of the telegrams, "that it's up to you to 'build up' Anna Lind—now that the tour is beginning to lose its punch—to think up some 'constructive publicity.' Any new ideas along that line, Steve?"

"New ideas'" scoffed Whickett. "What good would they do? Where have I got with any suggestion I've made to this dumb chick Carter? I had it all framed to throw a big reception for Lind in Chicago—and would he listen to it? No! You mustn't say anything about her in the papers except that she's on tour that's supposed to be enough. And look where it's got us."

"That tip we got in Indianapolis, about young Walter Gaylord flying there to see her," mourned Lawson, "—that would have been good for a swell flash. But naughty-naughty—mustn't say anything about Anna having admirers on the side—that's her private life."

"I wonder," speculated Hendricks idly, "if there's anything to this Gaylord business? You know, if I believed in that sort of hooey, I'd say the Lind looks for all the world like something's eating on her—like she's been double-crossed in love, for instance."

"Love'" sneered Whickett. "Why, that extra-frosted snow-baby never loved anything or anybody but her mother's daughter—Anna Lind to you—and those five figures on her weekly pay check."

"They used to say she was sweet on von Brock."

"Yeah—for what she could get out of him. When he was a big-shot director, with influence when he was making her what she is today—or was yesterday. For if you want my opinion on it, I'll say she's slipping."

"Nuh-uh! Papa Henkel spank!" warned Hendricks. "You are skating close to lese majesty, my boy, when you begin to say things like that. It is not fit, proper, becoming and decorous for a great press-agent of a great star to say such things about her even among friends."

"Well, I'll tell you this," replied Whickett heatedly. "Carter was so close to folding up this whole ruddy tour, just before we hit Chicago, that it wasn't any fun. He told me so himself. He told me that Lind complained of feeling bum, that she was getting so fractious and temperamental he didn't know whether he could do anything with her much longer or not. She's sore because she's not getting the right kind of hand from her audience, that's what's the matter with her."

"Well, it wasn't that way in the beginning," said Lawson. "She howled 'em over like duckpins in front of a locomotive. She had pep and she bristled with personality, then; she showered it out in sparks. She's lost it all, now, and that's why she doesn't get the right kind of audience reaction."

Says you" snapped Hendricks. "And Hollywood says it's because she's not getting the right kind of publicity. And so we go in a vicious cycle, me lads, from pay-day to pay-day. All for want of a horseshoe nail. We've got plenty of hammers."

"Well, I'm not going to bust out crying if she does blow up the tour," said Whickett sullenly. "I'm fed-up with it. If they keep riding me the way they've been doing, I'm going to blow up myself—and it won't take a lot more riding, either."

'And now that we've settled that," proposed Hendricks cheerfully, "let's go get Gunther and some other sap and play a little stud."

The game developed, in due course, but it was not distinguished by levity or carefree spirits.

Gloom had settled over the Anna Lind entourage.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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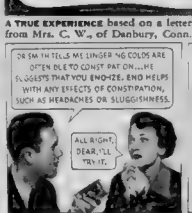

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MOTORISTS WISE

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Sanitary Uses for Paper

In a previous article, writes Mrs Christine Frederick, I pointed out many modern uses for paper in the normal home. There are also paper possibilities for the sickroom, which should not be overlooked—especially in this Spring season of changing weather, and in the coming Summer months.

Of course, no one should be ill in the good old Summertime. But just in case there is an outbreak of Spring measles, whooping-cough or similar childish ailment seek prevention with paper. You can paperize any sickroom with fibre products, to the end of greater sanitation and safety.

Paper disposal tissues right near the bed may be dropped into a small paper sack or bag. Bags about 12x7 cost about 25 cents for a package of 40. Hang the bag a fresh one daily, just as in any hospital) with a thumb-tack to the table edge, and let the young patient drop into it the soiled paper napkins or tissue into which he has blown his nose or coughed. Burned daily, this prevents spread of contagion through germ dissemination.

In the sickroom, paper towels are valuable sanitary accessories. Paper is good, too, for the many "wipe-ups" required where there is a sick person. Use paper for scour rag and paper for wiping all the utensils and sickroom toilet accessories and you will find it easily disposed of and sanitary

The Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold Digger"

(Continued from Page 27)

ext to supper with Count Larcheveque. A strange man, Larcheveque was! He had the most piercing eyes I have ever seen; they seemed to see to the bottom of your soul, in a most disturbing way. He made advances to me, and while I listened to him I could not help remembering all sorts of tragic stories in which women bitterly repented having been too trusting. When he looked at me, I felt cold shivers run down my spine. He asked me to go to Karlsbad with him, he to pay all expenses.

He knew how I adored Hungarian orchestral music, with its gypsy airs and its emotional rhythms and he promised that if I would go with him he would take along Boldi and all his orchestra. This was indeed tempting. I was poor, but I hesitated. I felt uneasy, though I did not know why. In the end I gave way to his persuasion, but I made this condition — that our relations were only to be friendly ones.

"My liveliest," he answered, "your will shall be my law. I shall never oppose you in anything. I shall be only too glad to be your friend and to bask in the sunshine of your beauty. If we are ever more than comrades, I shall be the happiest man on earth; but I give you my word that I shall never worry you."

I reflected that it would be foolish to be influenced by mere presentiments. I had only to be on my guard; there was no real reason to refuse to go with him. At Karlsbad he took one of the best villas in the middle of a beautiful park. This park stretched to some distance from the house, and at the end of it was the smartest restaurant in the town. In the villa a sumptuous set of rooms was reserved for me. Larcheveque was all that is gallant in his bearing towards me, and held scrupulously to our bargain. He often made me presents trifles it is true, but dainty and well-chosen. He was most thoughtful and considerate in all his ways.

Every night there was high play at baccarat at the villa. After the game, we had supper, which lasted until late in the morning, to the strains of Boldi's orchestra. Not a bad life! Larcheveque kept open house; every day there were luxurious dinners, and suppers in a heady atmosphere, vibrating with wild gipsy melody. It was a wonderful time, and I had at first no reason for regretting that I had gone. I lost a good deal at baccarat, but Larcheveque paid up without flinching. I never had to ask him for anything, for he knew exactly what my losses were, since we paid with counters, and he took over my debts. He himself was a true gambler, lost without moving an eyelash, and signed checks, day after day, as if money were nothing to him.

After a time, however, I felt that something strange was happening. Larcheveque and I went on losing; he continued to pay, and I continued to smile, while one other person steadily gained and gained. That person was Trezenik, a faithful habitue of the house. Trezenik was or had just become Larcheveque's intimate friend. Not only did he dine with us every night, and stay to play and supper, but every morning he called to see Larcheveque, and the two held interminable conversations closeted together. These talks were most mysterious. If I suddenly went in and interrupted, I always felt that both were seriously embarrassed. They seemed to have been suddenly sidetracked, and began discussing trivialities.

What did it all mean? The atmosphere of the place began to seem sinister, and I felt I had been wrong to ignore my presentiment. I had promised to stay three weeks, but soon felt I would like to trump up some excuse and go.

At the very first suggestion of my going, Larcheveque exclaimed:

"Impossible! The Villa des Roses would lose its fairest flower. Our baccarat evening would have no more charm for any of us."

"That would not be an unmixed misfortune for you," I answered. "I've been counting up your losses and my own. You've thrown away a fortune on the green table since I've been here."

Larcheveque looked whimsically at me. He seemed hardly to believe that I spoke seriously.

"Come, come, my little Otero," he said. "You're surely not going to leave us in the lurch?"

"Leave you in the lurch? But I'm no use to you."

He did not answer for a moment, and seemed thinking hard. Then he said:

"The luck may turn. You will recoup yourself. Meanwhile I will go on paying your losses, and anything you win you shall keep for yourself."

Next day Betty asked me if we were going to stay much longer.

I said, "Three weeks. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! — nothing."

"I see by your face you have something to tell me."

"Count Larcheveque and M. Trezenik are very great friends."

"That's not news to me."

"Yesterday, I heard the Count say to his friend, 'The little woman seems to suspect something,' and M. Trezenik answered, 'It's dull for her, always losing. Better let her win a little.'"

That very evening, I had a sudden run of luck and began to win. Next day, as soon as I got up, I rang for Betty. Nobody answered the bell. I rang again. I called her. Still no answer. I was astonished. The girl was punctuality itself as a rule, and never kept me waiting one instant. It was three-quarters of an hour before she arrived, looking completely upset.

"What has happened? Where have you been?"

"If you only knew, Madame, what I have just heard. I understand everything now."

"What? What have you heard?"

"What they are up to here. We must get away as quickly as we can. I'll do the packing, you'll think out some excuse, and then a quick good-bye to Karlsbad."

"Betty, I've had enough of this mystery. Explain yourself."

"Just this, Madame. Ever since we have been here I've been rather worried. Things have seemed queer, somehow. I noticed that every morning at the same time M. Trezenik and the Count have been shut up together, talking. I also noticed that in the dressing-room of the blue room you can hear everything that is said in the Count's room. So this morning before M. Trezenik arrived, I shut myself up in the dressing-room, and this is what I heard. 'Well,' said Trezenik, 'the little one won last night. I hope she'll leave us in peace now. Ought we to let her win again tonight?' 'No, so long as she doesn't lose much it's all right,' replied the Count. 'And, by the way, my checks? I want yesterday's and the one for the day before.' 'I've brought them,' said Trezenik, 'here they are — tear them up. And now I've just met Count Nisberg. He said he wasn't able to turn up last night, but he'll come tonight for certain.'"

Betty stopped, and waited for her revelations to have their effect. I knew now where I was. These gentry were simply "hawks," and they wanted me for a decoy, to lure on and excite the pigeons — a dangerous game for a woman to play. My presentiment had been right, after all. I told Betty we would leave next day.

"Why not today?" she urged. "Believe me, Madame, it is not safe to stay on here."

But in spite of this wise advice I wished to stay until next day. I had met Count Nisberg in Vienna, and he had been charming to me. He was coming tonight, and I wanted to be there.

We had never had so festive a party as that night. Everyone played recklessly. Large sums were won and lost in a few moments. The atmosphere was feverish, and the madness of some of the players infected the rest. The wildest of all was Count Nisberg. He plunged, and lost. Then Trezenik took the baccarat bank and Nisberg lost again heavily. I longed to make him some warning sign, but got no chance. As soon as Larcheveque knew that he was an old acquaintance of mine, he seemed to grow suspicious of me and watched me closely, not letting me get near his unlucky fresh victim.

Trying to recoup himself at any price, Nisberg got deeper and deeper into difficulties. He was taken with that ecstasy of gambling which all players know and are powerless to resist when it gets hold of them. It made a painful impression on me, for I realized that Nisberg was playing like a man who is risking his very last penny.

About five o'clock in the morning, Nisberg had lost all he had brought with him, plus 400,000 francs he owed to Trezenik. Nisberg remained after the others had gone, for I had made him a sign at last that I wished to speak to him. As soon as we four were alone — Larcheveque, Trezenik, Count Nisberg and I — he went up to the two men and said:

"That check for 400,000 francs that I have given you is worthless. I have not in the world the sum I lost to you tonight. I am ruined, and it only remains for me to choose between disgrace and suicide. I have already chosen."

I rushed to his side.

"My dear Count, you owe nothing, you need pay nothing. You did not lose tonight."

The three men gazed at me astounded.

"What do you mean?" asked Nisberg. "I have lost, worse luck for me."

"I tell you, you have not. You have been robbed; you have not lost."

Trezenik and Larcheveque were completely taken aback, but they affected to think me out of my mind.

"Beauty, what's the matter with you?" asked Larcheveque. "You'll be all right tomorrow."

"You are to give Count Nisberg back his check on the spot," I persisted, more firmly than ever. "If not, I will expose you both and give away what I have seen here. Ah! You thought I was too simple to understand your tricks?"

They tried to bluster and protest.

"You will not only return Count Nisberg his check, but everything he has lost tonight. After that, you can go and hang yourselves for all I care. If you don't make reparation now, at once, I'll raise the most frightful scandal."

The two colleagues understood the game was up. They tried to save their faces by continuing to pretend that I was drunk — but they paid up. Count Nisberg, overwhelmed with relief, thanked me from the bottom of his lightened heart and went away.

I was alone with the two conspirators.

"You fool!" snarled Larcheveque. "If you hadn't spoiled the game, let me tell you, you'd have been associated with it yourself. But Mademoiselle must needs play the Quixote, must she?"

"He is my compatriot," I answered calmly. "Keep on your business with others, and let me go — that's all I ask of you!"

Larcheveque and Trezenik shrugged their shoulders dispassionately, and next day I shook the dust of the infamous Villa des Roses off my feet.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

The Squaw's Curse Still Takes Toll

HEAR ye, oh water guards of the Saco, I, a grief-stricken mother, the squaw of Squando, chief of the Sokokis, cry out for vengeance for the death of my baby, killed by the pale faces. I beg you to drown one pale face at least once in every four moons — to take from the lives of their loved ones, that which has been taken from mine."

This curse, uttered by a grieving squaw in the Summer of the year 1675 was recalled dramatically by the residents of Saco and adjacent Biddeford, Maine, when two men and a woman were recently drowned in the Saco River which flows between the two cities. The woman had been standing on the edge of a wharf when, for some unknown reason, she lost her footing and tumbled into the water. Two men who dove into the river disappeared from sight as quickly as she did.

The triple tragedy gives us something to think about," one old resident of Biddeford commented.

"Last year three people were drowned in the river and, as far back as I can remember, each year three or more were killed in the Saco. That squaw of Squando's back in 1675 must have breed some mighty strong feelings — not that I'm superstitious but I'm not getting too close to the river, the coincidence is too strong."

According to the legend which local historians tell and which they believe caused the squaw's curse, a group of British sailors was waiting for a cargo of timber in the old Saco settlement when they saw Chief Squando's wife floating downstream in a canoe. In the boat, sleeping snugly, was her infant boy.

The sailors, who knew little about Indians, eyed them curiously.

"They say that an Indian suffers from the day it is born, just like a young beaver or a duck," one of them remarked.

"That's not true," said another. "It's the grog in you that's stirred up your imagination."

They argued about the matter until they nearly came to blows. Then one of the other sailors offered a solution. Why not tip over that canoe and find out, he suggested.

A rowboat was quickly borrowed and the sailors climbed into it, rowing out to midstream. Before the Indian woman knew what they were about, she found herself struggling in the water. She managed to swim to the shore but her infant son was drowned while the sailors looked on and made no effort to rescue him.

It was then that the grieving mother uttered the curse which the more superstitious of the residents believe survives to this day.

When Chief Squando heard of the outrage his friendship for the white men turned to the bitterest hatred. He joined King Philip and fought with him through the bloody war between the Indians and white settlers. When Saco was invaded and destroyed, Squando led one of the attacking groups and was merciless in his vengeance.

Modern residents of Saco, who believe in the potency of the curse, are beginning to wonder if, perhaps, the departed spirit of the squaw might not relent and call off her curse — for, after all, the compatriots of the sailors have been gone from the banks of the Saco for more than a century and a half — and why should unoffending twentieth century Americans be forced to pay with precious lives for the misdeeds of departed Britons whose compatriots long ago left these shores?

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By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MILK is not only a no-waste food, but is also delicious as a beverage, and no other food will so excellently bridge the gap between Winter and Summer meals. As the scientists say, milk is a "protective food," a natural food rich in all the valuable salts, minerals and vitamins which make for growth and health. Milk reinforces the diet, just at this between-seasons period, when often the appetite lags and there is that tired feeling so typical of Spring fever.

But when we say "milk," we mean not only the liquid, so familiar as a beverage, but all forms of it, as cream, cheese, buttermilk and butter. Each of these forms of pure natural milk has a special place in the menu, and their liberal use makes for variety, as well as health in the everyday meal.

Cottage cheese, pot-cheese, or clabbered milk, is one of the most useful forms of milk. In its sweet, compact, creamy bulk it is a true protein, very digestible. Unlike many proteins, cottage cheese is alkaline-forming, and hence may be eaten without fear of acid reactions. It may be combined with many vegetables and fruits in a light but substantial salad as the main dish for luncheon, or combined with other ingredients in cake, cookies, or pastry.

A smart new way to serve cottage cheese is to pass it as a relish, along with the olives and celery curls. Arranged as a neat portion between green olives and strips of yellow raw carrots, it makes a colorful table appetizer. Another service for this adaptable food is to make it into a ring-mold, and fill the center with cut fruits. Or, one may do just the reverse, and make a fruit gelatin ring, unmold on lettuce, and fill the center with cream cheese which has been lightly mixed with sweet cream.

Cottage cheese soup deserves a frequent place in the Spring menu, for it is easy to prepare, delicious, and supplies enough body so that only the addition of a salad and a few crackers are needed to make a complete meal. Here is the recipe:

Cottage Cheese Soup: 4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon onion, minced, 4 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, 4 cups milk, 2 cups sieved cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon minced parsley or chives; toasted bread cubes. Use double-boiler. Make as for cream soup, adding sieved cheese last. Sprinkle with chives and add one or two freshly-toasted bread cubes to each portion.

Two additions to any salad course are Cottage Cheese Biscuits and a Cottage Cheese Salad Dressing, as given here:

Cottage Cheese Biscuits: 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 well-beaten egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Cream together cheese, butter, egg and milk. Sift dry ingredients and add to make soft dough. Roll and pat to ½ inch thick. Cut, bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, 12 minutes. Serve very hot.

Cottage Cheese Salad Dressing: 1½ cups cottage cheese, ¾ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup fresh orange juice, juice 1 lemon. Press cheese through sieve, add salt and blend until smooth, adding onion juice. Heat fruit juice and sugar to dissolve and cool. Add slowly to cheese, stirring all the time. Let stand in refrigerator several hours. A delicious cocktail dressing, or for fruit salads.

One more use for cottage cheese which more housewives should feature frequently, and that is, as an important ingredient for cakes or pies. What is so delicious on a warm day as a large moist and fruity slice of cottage cheese cake, eaten with a cooled glass of milk? Or a cut of a delicate lemon-flavored cheese pastry or tart? Here are two tested and tried recipes:

Cottage Cheese Cocoanut Pie: ½ cup sugar, grated rind, each, 1 orange and 1 lemon, grains salt, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 can moist cocoanut, 4 egg yolks, well-beaten, 2 cups hot milk; meringue made with 4 egg whites and ½ cup of sugar; pastry shell. Combine sugar, fruit rinds, salt, cheese and cocoanut with beaten yolks. Pour on hot milk. Pour filling carefully into shell. Bake 10 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, reduce heat and bake 15 minutes longer. Cover with meringue and bake golden brown.

Cottage Cheese Cake: 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Sift dry ingredients, cut in butter. Add liquids and mix well. Pat dough to shape bottom and sides of a round spring-form cake pan. Fill with 2½ cups sieved cottage cheese blended with 1¼ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 6 egg yolks, ½ cup heavy cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, grated rind 1 lemon, 6 egg whites whipped *stiff*. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, 1½ hours. Turn off heat and let stay in oven 30 minutes longer. Cool.

Many old-fashioned recipes call for sour milk, because in those days refrigeration was unknown, and keeping foods sweet was a real problem. Today, many of these old recipes can be modernized by the use of buttermilk for sour milk. The use of either sour or buttermilk makes a very light, fluffy product, especially cakes, cookies, pancakes and waffles. The slightly acid flavor is pleasing, and is similar to a mild lemon flavor. This is a good recipe for Spice Cake:

Orange Spice Cake: ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 well-beaten eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, 1 cup buttermilk (or sour milk), ½ cup nutmeats, 1 cup seedless raisins, grated rind of 1 orange. Combine and bake as any butter cake. Bake in square pan, in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, 1½ hours.

Cream, and particularly whipped cream, is sometimes considered a luxury food. But cream is all food, and no waste. It also, like milk, is a protective food, one of the most excellent sources of vitamin A, and very easily digested. A spoon of whipped cream and a few drops of onion juice makes a delicious addition to the cup of hot soup or broth; try adding a large spoon of cream to vegetables just before serving, and notice the difference; try a topping of slightly-sweetened whipped cream, on puddings, cakes and gingerbread.

Whipped cream also may be used in the actual cake batter, where its lightness makes a cake of almost feathery texture. This recipe is given by request:

Whipped Cream Cake: 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, 2 egg yolks, well beaten, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 egg whites *stiffly* whipped. Combine whipped cream, beaten egg yolks, sugar, and extract. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 layers, 30 minutes, in a moderate oven or at 350 degrees. Cool. Frost with Chocolate Cream Frosting: Place 3 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon butter, and 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in double-boiler. Cook until chocolate is melted, and thick. Add 1½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar and mix to consistency of frosting. Spread on cool cake.

Cookies made with whipped cream are another novelty and a welcome addition to the Summer cookie jar, since these cookies are delicious to serve with cold Summer drinks and especially with milk shakes, cocoa frosted cup, etc. Here is the recipe:

Whipped Cream Cookies: 1 cup heavy cream, whipped *stiff*; 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, well beaten, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. To whipped cream add sugar gradually, then beaten eggs and sifted dry ingredients. Mix well, and chill. Roll and pat ¼ inch thick. Cut with fancy cutters dipped in flour. Bake on buttered cookie sheet, in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 36 cookies.

With the Summer vegetable season approaching, milk in cooking sauces, and in various uses with vegetables, is important for variety's sake. Most of the French sauces have a thin milk sauce as their foundation. To this, grated cheese or minced green peppers or minced pimiento may be added; or chives, parsley, crumbs, etc., to give texture and seasoning. Try the following recipe for noodles and creamed vegetables and see if this dish does not win family approval.

Creamed Vegetables in Noodle Ring: 4 cups fine noodles, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1¼ cups milk, 3 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup grated cheese. Cook and drain noodles. Combine with eggs, milk, butter and cheese and fill into a ring-mold. Place mold in pan of hot water, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve on large hot platter, and fill center with mixture of creamed new peas and asparagus. Garnish with slivers of cold boiled ham, tongue or any meat.

Early settlers testify to the importance of milk in their simple frugal diet. As one of them says recently in his recollections of the Oregon trail, "The mush-pot was the important item in our diet. Such mush, made from heavy yellow cornmeal, and cooked slowly all day on the sputtering coals of the hearth, was our main fare. But eaten with fresh milk, curds, or rich cream, what better supper could be furnished? In addition, while on the trail, we had plenty of fresh butter, churned every day in the can by the jostling of the wagon as it went down the trail."

In the early pioneer and farm homes, a pitcher of cool milk was almost always standing on the table. Indeed, many of the examples of beautiful early American pressed glass ("sandwich glass") pitchers had matching goblets or tumblers, used particularly for serving milk. And today the modern hostess can serve milk in similar glass and crystal pitchers, knowing that malted milk shake, milk float, cream or frosted flips and others, are always welcome and refreshing to family and guests alike. Children who may tire of straight milk will relish milk flavored with fruit juices, milk drinks with a topping of pure whipped cream, or milk with the addition of a mashed fruit.

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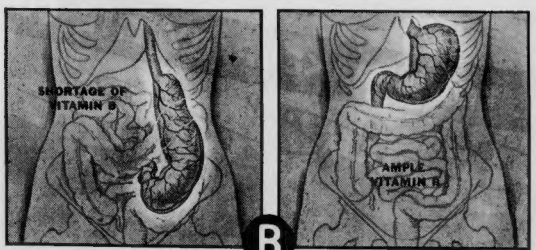

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapejuice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Canned Blueberry Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Oranges, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Stewed Fruit, Cereal, Bacon Omelet, Delicate Graham Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Canned Peaches, Cereal, Rice Cakes with Honey, Bacon, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	Rhubarb, Cereal, Cornmeal Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Veal and Oyster Pie, Pickles, Sunshine Salad, French Dressing, Hermits, Tea.	Vegetable Club Sandwiches, Rhubarb Tarts or Miracle Lemon Pie, Russian Tea.	Baked Eggs with Herrings, Macaroni or Spaghetti, Golden Cornbread, Fruit Turnovers, Tea.	Cheese and Rice Roll, Tomato Sauce, Jellied Raw Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Ginger Cup Cakes with Frosting, Tea.	Aurora Soup, Beef Heart Pie, Diced Turnips, Green Bouquet Salad with French Dressing, Jellied Orange Juice, Cream, Cookies.	Scalloped Salmon, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Lime Ginger Jelly with Cream, Lace Cookies, Tea.	Sea Food Cocktail, Baked Stuffed Leg of Lamb, Mint Jelly, Pimiento Mashed Potatoes, Green Lima Beans, Sunshine Salad with Watercress, Fruit Sherbet, Macaroons, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Lentil Soup, Macaroni and Cheese Casserole, Cucumber and Tomato Salad, Salad Dressing, Chocolate Waffles with Mocha Sauce.	Broiled Sausages, Red Cabbage with Apple Sauce, Broiled Pineapple, Baked Squash, Chiffonade Green Salad, French Dressing, Steamed Fig Pudding with Honey Whipped Cream.	Veal Loaf with Apricots, Baby Carrots with Green Peas or Asparagus, Tomato and Chinese Cabbage Salad, Savory French Dressing, Mystery Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	(*Company*) Mixed Grill (Beef, Tomatoes and Bananas), Creamed Whole Cauliflower, Radishes, Celery, Raw Carrot Straws, Angel Mousse with Fruit Sauce.	(*Company*) Mixed Fruit Juices, Broiled Fish with Lemon Butter, Steamed Potatoes, Buttered Peas, Cole Slaw with Cooked Dressing and Sliced Tomato Garnish, Lemon Meringue Pudding.	Sauerkraut Cocktail, Crown Roast of Weiners, Baked Carrots, Swiss Chard Timbales, Lettuce Salad, Russian Dressing, Old-Fashioned Molasses Pie.	(*Company*) Chili Con Carne with Steamed Rice, Chiffonade Green Salad, Lemon Dressing, Baked Fruit Roll, Strawberry Sauce, Coffee.

Attractive and Appetizing Home Meals

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

FRAGMENTS of a conversation that I overheard in the street car a few days ago inspired the question—Why can't we have attractive and appetizing meals in the home?

Two pleasant-looking women in front of me evidently were going home from a luncheon served in a downtown tearoom.

"My plate was too pretty to eat," one of them said, "and it tasted as good as it looked. The meat was deliciously brown. The peas were just right. The green vegetable and tomato salad was as crisp and cool as ice and the dressing was a dream."

"I wonder," said the other woman, "why we never have such lovely meals at home?"

Just then I had to leave the car, so I shall never hear the answer. I hope that the two young women have learned the answer to their problem. All the artistry, all the skill and all the knowledge that any woman has can be utilized in planning and preparing the perfect meal. She can work on her menus and recipes until she achieves vivid contrasts in color, in texture and in flavor.

Line form, variety and suitability are all important in the composition of a good meal. Spices, condiments, seasonings and flavorings are the accents that add interest. She must get not only the interesting contrasting color and flavor effects that add zest to a meal, but she must keep in mind all the time that her meals must be economical and healthful.

Flower Honey Whipped Cream (By Request).

SELECT honey that you like best, according to section of country where it is found. To 1 cup thick cream add ¾ cup favorite honey and ½ tablespoon lemon juice. Whip until stiff. Serve with any dessert that calls for whipped cream.

Green Salad with Roquefort Cream Dressing.

HAVE ready crisp green lettuce and other salad greens. Serve with dressing made as follows: Mix 6 ounces Roquefort cheese, 1 pint well-seasoned mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons apple vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ tablespoon minced watercress, ½ teaspoon minced parsley (if desired), and 1 pint cream.

Swiss Chard with Beets and Mock Hollandaise.

DRAIN and chop steamed Swiss chard. To 1 quart of the chopped chard add ½ cup butter, melted over hot water, and ½ teaspoon salt. Pack into a buttered ring-mold and keep hot until serving time. Turn out on a hot serving platter and garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs. Fill center of mold with buttered baby beets or carrots seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Serve with mock Hollandaise sauce.

Purple Cabbage With Apple Sauce.

COOK 1 finely-chopped small onion in 4 tablespoons butter, 3 or 4 minutes. Add 1 cup water or grapejuice, 4 cups finely-shredded purple cabbage, 2 sliced tart apples and ½ tablespoon salt. Cook until tender, or about 25 minutes. Add ¼ cup vinegar and 2 tablespoons light brown sugar. Continue cooking about 5 minutes. Serve immediately.

Leashes for Two

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 27)

and doormen with white gloves and expensive uniforms. Suddenly Petey began to whistle, as he hadn't whistled for days. He darted at a car, just leaving the curb, and whistled shrilly through his nose. "My God, that's the whistle he reserves for Ruth!" thought Selkirk, and ran after the car with Petey and yelled, "Hey!" at the driver. The car stopped. Selkirk saw Ruth and Silas at the window.

Ruth and Silas got out of the car and the two dogs went instantly into joyous conclave. "Oh, Ruth!" said Selkirk, and "Oh, Selkirk!" said Ruth, and they threw their arms about each other, and any number of people could see that they were delighted to meet. Ruth told the driver to go on and the car moved away. They went back to the sidewalk. Gay dinner parties were coming out of the apartment house to get into cars. Selkirk guided Ruth a little way down the block where it was more private. They looked at each other.

"Oh, Selkirk, why didn't I hear from you? I thought you didn't care, and I am so ashamed, because I was unjust to you! I've missed you terribly—and here I am, admitting it, with no modesty at all!"

"Oh, Ruth! And to think I shouted at you—and let you go, when I love you so!"

"Selkirk! Do you really? You never said so, and I thought you were more fond of Silas than you were of me. You always spoke of him first and—and everything, and it made me unhappy to be in a 'love my dog—love me' situation. Only I didn't think you loved me at all."

He kissed her there and then to show her how wrong she was. "I was using Si as a model for a character in the series, and I was too superstitious to say anything about it until I was sure of my new contract—and then I was going to ask you to marry me." He broke off. He looked at her unhappily. "And now you turn out to be a society girl—"

"Oh pooh!"

"And you write books and draw comic maps, and I though you were a copiest or something."

"I was superstitious, too, and it was my first book, and I took that studio because I didn't want to talk to anybody about the book until it was done and I was sure it would be published. And you never asked about my work, so I thought you didn't care, and you are a famous cartoonist and—"

"Me? I'm a lousy cartoonist: I get by on my ideas, but don't know well. I can't even draw a dog without a model—say! Where are the dogs?"

They ran to the distant corner. A policeman had both dogs by their leashes and was looking about sternly for the owners. He said, "permitting dogs to run at large on the public highways!" He reached into his pocket for his book of summons.

"Oh, now officer," said Ruth sweetly, "You wouldn't arrest us just when we have become engaged to be married?"

"Well," said the cop. He grinned. "Good Luck to you, and keep a grip on your leashes hereafter."

He went away. Selkirk said, "Ruth, do you mean that?"

"Of course, silly. And we'll take the cop's advice about the leashes—all of them."

"Ruth, you darling! But why didn't you tell me the real reason—instead of all that stuff about being pulled into saloons?"

"I was waiting all the time for you to speak up and you didn't, and could I propose to you? and maybe be rejected?"

"Oh, Ruth! And good old Si, my favorite model! And Petey—come here, Petey, and get promoted. You're no ordinary police doy. From now on you are a full-blooded G-Pooch!"

"Selkirk," said Ruth. "Take me to that bar-grill place. I'm really hungry, and Petey and Si can celebrate with some bones. And Selkirk—the publishers want a new comic book, and wouldn't it be wonderful if we could do it together?"

The cop turned around, wondering if the pretty girl with the fine furs had told him a fib to avoid a summons. He saw by the way that she and the young man were embracing while their dogs frisked and bumped against them, that she must have told the truth. He walked on swinging his nightstick.

The End.

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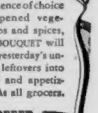

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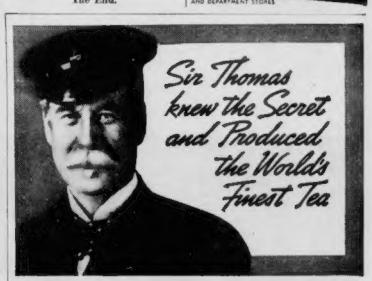

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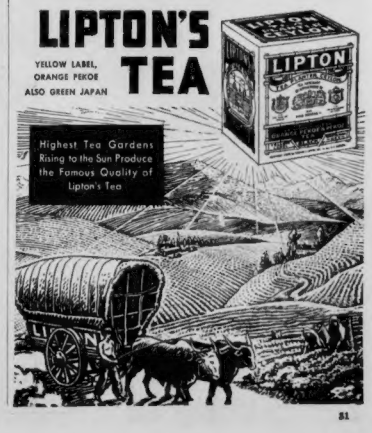

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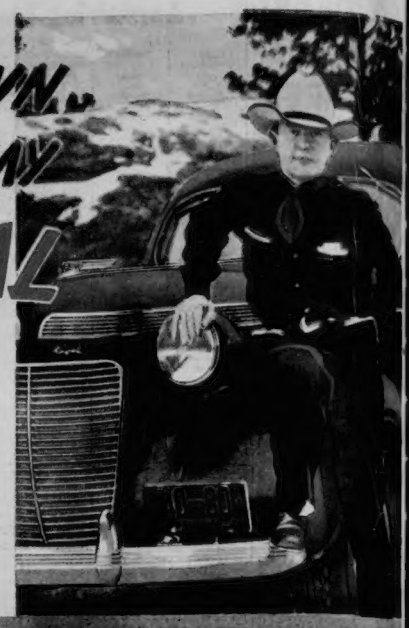

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"I DRIVE A CAR much harder than most people. As general manager of the Big Timber Live Stock Company, I drive my Chrysler Royal all over Montana and part of Wyoming... on a fast schedule... over all kinds of roads. "In two months, I have covered 11,000 miles. I change oil every 2,000 miles without the loss of an ounce between changes. While I don't expect great economy at the speeds and road conditions which are a rule with me, I do find that at ordinary touring speeds, the car is very economical... giving 18 to 20 miles per gallon ... under favoraole conditions, as high as 24.

"I've usually traded in other makes of cars at about 12,000 miles... feeling I have pretty well driven the life out of them. But this Chrysler Royal, at 11,000 miles, is just nicely broken in... runs even better than the day I got it."

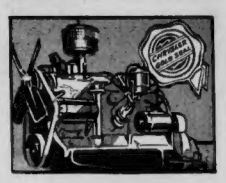
ALL over the country, thousands of owners rave about this new Chrysler Royal... the economy . . . the stamina and reliability . . . the room . . . the ride . . . the wonderful new Gold Seal engine.

AN AMAZING AMOUNT OF ROOM!

"Uses less gas than my smaller car did," says Louis J. Thebault, Jr., of Chicago. "My family is so enthusiastic," he says, "that we now own three Chryslers . . . two Royals and an Imperial."

"First car I've seen with room enough," says J. A. Want of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. "It's great to find a really roomy, easy-riding car that is also outstanding in economy."

"Everywhere we park," says Mrs. Charles H. Bringman of Cleveland, "people come over to look at our new Royal. It's by all odds the smartest car of the year . . . and it rides better than any car we ever had . . . regardless of price."



GOLD SEAL ENGINE GIVES NEW ECONOMY!

"I am completely delighted," says Mrs. G. A. Schoen of San Francisco. "Our new Royal is much more roomy and spacious than many cars which sell for much more. I like the wide, chair-high seats and the unusually commodious trunk."

A REAL QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

Before you buy *any* new car—at any price—be sure to see and drive the amazing new Chrysler Royal. Learn how it gives—at new low cost—the finest motoring you've ever tried.

CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD! Time payments to fit your purse on official Commercial Credit Company plan.

- ☆ CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . Two body types.
- ☆ CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . Six body types.
- ☆ CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . Sedan and Sedan-Limousine.
- ☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW . . . Sedan and Coupe.

CHRYSLER ROYAL FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

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